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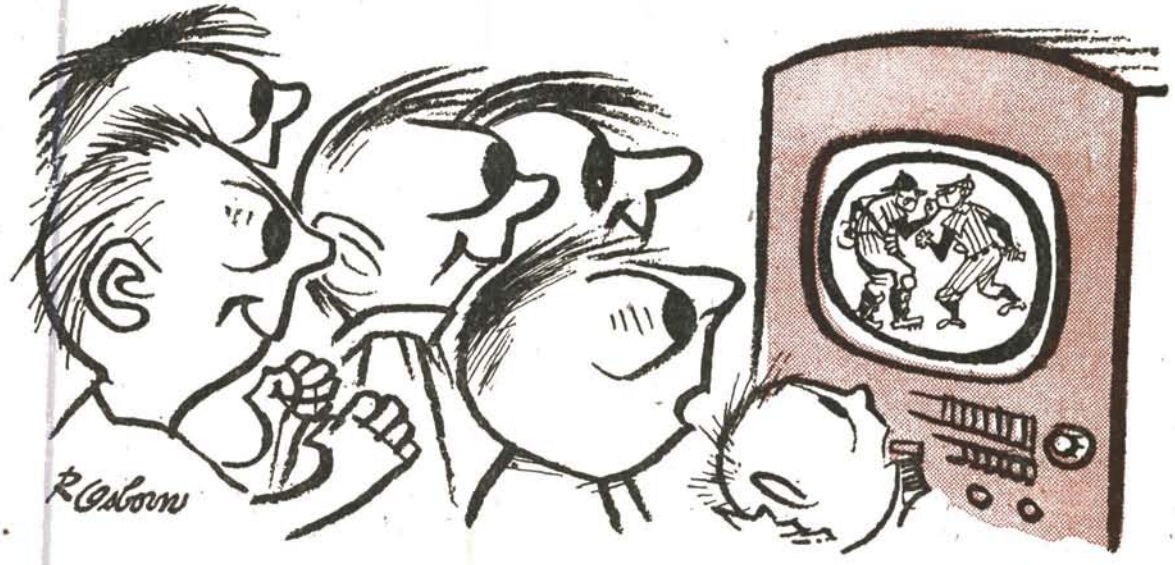

SEE PAGE 15

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GM: NEW LABOR PATTERN

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New Republic

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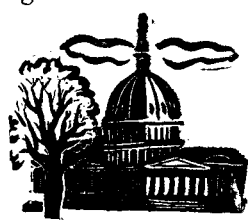
WASHINGTON WIRE

CONGRESS IS PUFFING toward inglorious adjournment. The elderly runners are mopping their brows and taking digitalis. There is no pretense of orderly legislation in this last-minute jam. It is not an edifying spectacle. We have an antiquated system of government and the sorry result is evident at times like these.

A fortnight hence, June 21, the GOP convention meets. Sitting on the platform, unseen but implacable, will be the record of two years of Republican control. If GOP congressional leaders can't whip something through on housing, social legislation, health and price control in the next two weeks, it is going to make the new task of platform writing pretty embarrassing. Furthermore, if Congress reassembles briefly after the GOP gets through pointing with pride and viewing with alarm at Philadelphia, Democrats are bound to contrast the latest batch of promises with what was actually accomplished in the 80th Congress.



Now is the time to take the measure of a party platform. The GOP platform of 1944 pledged "extension of old-age and unemployment-insurance systems." It promised a "health" program, "low-cost housing" and, of all things, a strengthening of the Labor Department. The party of fiscal soundness denounced "any policy leading to depreciation of the currency" and pledged itself "to maintain the value of the American dollar." Well, well. The cost of living is now 27 percent above the level at which the GOP killed price controls. The GOP dollar has not read the 1944 platform.

Let us give the GOP credit, however. It has been consistent in one respect, the tariff. The 1944 platform demanded that all Hull trade agreements be "approved by Congress." This strikes at the heart of the 14-year-old Hull program. And this congressional-approval plank is the very thing the House Republicans overwhelmingly supported in passing the Gearhart bill last week. Make no doubt about it.

The Senate is apt to modify the House action—temporarily. Senator Vandenberg, to his credit, repudiated the GOP pledge for a congressional veto. But the House action last week represented the real will of the Republican politicians. They believe in protectionism just as they did in McKinley's time. A GOP vote in 1948 is a vote for high tariffs.

A lot of people are going to say that with Vandenberg as President, the GOP won't go hog-wild on tariffs, which would be suicidal at this international stage. A lot of people said that about Hoover, who signed the Smoot-Hawley Act. Yes, and some of our Best People said the way to get us into the League of Nations was to vote for Harding. The folks who have never seen tariff lobbies log-rolling in Congress simply don't know the pressures involved. Why, the wool people alone almost wrecked the Geneva trade conference of last year by pushing through a tariff grab that brought Will Clayton hurrying back home. Here is a basic issue of foreign policy on which bipartisanship may break down. The GOP record is ominous.

The season of state primaries for presidential candidates has come and gone. We shouldn't let this once-in-four-years phenomenon fade out without trying to point the moral. Only a few states have preference primaries, but the results are conclusive. The party voters, not the party politicians, can be trusted to pick the candidates. Wisconsin pretty well eliminated the gaudy MacArthur candidacy. Oregon pretty well showed up the basic weakness of "Communist-outlawing" Stas-

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sen. Why can't this system be extended? Why can't the voters have a say as to who shall govern them? The primary belongs to the people, not to the politicians.

We dropped in last week to hear Norman Thomas and Henry Wallace testify against the Mundt-Nixon anti-Communist bill. This bill passed the House overwhelmingly, but we think it was intended to give campaigning Representatives a chance to beat their breasts rather than as a measure they expected the Senate to take seriously. Anyway Senate action seems unlikely.

As always, we got fascinated by the mechanical gadgetry of spotlights, movies, still cameras, coiling recorder wires, cops, audience and cigar-smoking Senators. In the big, marble hearing room there are amplifiers all over the place, with microphones in front of Senators and witnesses, although only a 10-foot space separates them. At our press table we noticed a couple of the soundmen's mikes pressed smack up against a table amplifier to catch what was being said. They seemed to be whispering to each other. Maybe you will hear this version of the Wallace speech on the newsreel screens this week. Some day we expect to go into a congressional hearing and see no humans at all, just amplifiers testifying to microphones.

Notes. There's a rumor Stassen has given up first-place hopes and is shopping round for a second-spot deal. . . . The General Motors wage agreement gives Walter Reuther freedom from strikes to do some politicking. . . . When Senator Wherry, GOP stalwart, bawled out steel producers last week for not making voluntary allocations work under the Republican law of last December, you can bet the party is anxious. . . . The April c-of-l index, at 169.3, is at an all-time high and is rising. . . . Governor Earl Warren has watched the big boys deadlock and is now actively seeking the GOP nomination. . . . Truman's cross-country trip may not prove much except that the people like to see a President.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 23, ISSUE 1749, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 7, 1948

New Republic

THE WEEK

TOM CLARK'S LIST

Communism did not prove to be a very successful campaign issue for Harold Stassen in Oregon, but Harry Truman apparently still has hopes that it will help revive his failing popularity. Attorney General Tom Clark's new ruling that the Communist Party advocates the overthrow of the government, and the publication of a new list of "subversive" organizations, are the two latest Administration moves to keep the Red scare raging.

The Communist Party has never before been judicially held to advocate the "overthrow of the government by violence." It is the business of the courts to determine this basic question, and in his unnecessary decision, the Attorney General is, in effect, usurping a judicial function. In arbitrarily listing 32 more organizations as "subversive," Clark is announcing the Administration's intention to continue its "guilt by association" policy.

President Truman took some of the edge off the announcement of the original list of 90 subversive groups last December by stating that the presence of an organization's name on the Attorney General's list was not conclusive evidence that its members were "disloyal" to the government. Attorney General Clark, by his new ruling, has now made membership in the Communist Party cause for dismissal from federal employment.

Until the Attorney General's ruling, President Truman's Loyalty Review Board had been, according to its chairman Seth Richardson, "like a ship without an anchor." It had no yardstick or standard for determining the degree of "disloyalty" in questionable cases. But, "since it is clearly shown that the Communist Party is prohibited under the Hatch Act," Richardson says in interpreting Clark's decision, "then any person who is a member of the Communist Party or an organization which assists, aids, or abets the Communist Party is now subject to discharge." Now that the matter of who is and who isn't subversive has been settled, to the satisfaction of the Loyalty Review Board, its members say they "can move more easily."

The second list of "subversive" organizations follows the pattern of the original list almost exactly. The blacklist experts have steered clear of naming any of the left-wing political groups or unions which have been repeatedly labeled "un-American" by the Thomas committee. But the Attorney General has made it clear that he has many more names to add to his list.

Meanwhile, with this urging from the Attorney General, the Loyalty Board can be expected to speed up its procedure, to show much less hesitation in moving for the dismissal of government employees whose loyalty is questioned. It is reasonable to assume that the ratio of one to 1,800 government employees found to be disloyal (FBI figures) will soon rise considerably.

Clark's ruling on the Communist Party will make it more difficult but more necessary than ever to test the constitutionality of the whole Loyalty Board procedure through the courts. The only case now pending to determine the power of the Attorney General to designate groups as subversive, an action brought by the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee against the Attorney General, is in great danger of being dismissed on a motion of the government. New cases will have to be started on the Clark ruling as soon as government employees are fired on the strength of it.

The lawyers who have worked hardest in challenging the "loyalty" system are glad to have this whole question out in the open. The legal fight, they know, will be long-drawn-out and expensive, but the combined efforts of many groups will be solidly behind the contests, and they have no doubt that the Supreme Court, in time, will make it clear that Truman's "loyalty" program is more politics than law.

CALIFORNIA CAMPAIGN

When the Independent Progressive Party of California entered a candidate for Congress against Helen Gahagan Douglas, its spokesmen explained they were doing so only to protect the IPP position on the complicated California ballot. They had invited Mrs. Douglas to cross-file on the IPP ticket, and she had refused. They were forced, therefore, they say,

(Continued on page 7)

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PEACE PATTERN IN GM

IN A YEAR of intense labor-management warfare General Motors and the UAW (CIO) have written a two-year peace treaty which may make history. Both sides appeared satisfied with the settlement, reached just 72 hours before a strike deadline, and the union even claimed it as a great victory.

Neither party was inclined to look much beyond the solution of the immediate problem to the implication that the compromise may set a new pattern for reconciling industry's costs with labor's needs. This implication lay in the clause of the agreement obliging management to grant increases as living costs rise, and binding the union to accept decreases commensurate with a falling living cost. Such a formula was not brand-new, but in this case it was used for the first time in a major industrial dispute and for that reason was more likely to become a basic principle.

In other respects the settlement was undoubtedly a gratifying victory for Walter Reuther, UAW president now recovering from wounds received at a gunman's hands.

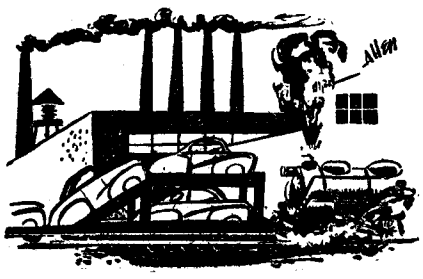
The red-headed UAW chief cracked the solid industry front against any 1948 wage boost where CIO president Philip Murray and the Steelworkers had failed. He was first with a formula tying wages to the cost of living. He has set a pattern which will make thousands of CIO members, inside the auto industry and out, regard him as the man who gets results in collective bargaining.

All in all, it is a fine victory for UAW at a time when union victories are scarce. Industry is riding high and brandishing the Taft-Hartley sword. The packinghouse workers just lost a bitter nine-week strike. GM, strong with 1947 profits, could not produce at full capacity anyway, and might have been glad to accumulate a backlog of steel. Chrysler, one of GM's two main competitors, was strike-bound. Ford had asked its workers to take a cut and could expect trouble. But there was no strike at GM, and the workers will get 11 cents an hour more right away, and one cent for every rise of 1.14 points in the BLS cost-of-living index, adjusted quarterly. This escalator provision can boost wages with no ceiling, but it can depress them only five cents during the life of the contract.

The victory, of course, was not total. The union had sought 25 cents from GM, on the theory that it takes at least $1.75 an hour for the average urban worker to meet the BLS minimum-standard-of-living budget. Wages at GM averaged $1.50 an hour before the settlement. The new contract leaves pensions to be discussed further, but the contract cannot be changed in any way that will cost the company more money before its expiration in May, 1950. There is no union shop, but an irrevocable dues check-off is provided. No strike is permitted for the life of the contract.

Editorial comment in the press generally hailed the agreement, but worried over its inflationary effects. Weeks of approbation of the steel "hold-the-line" formula had left them confused. The truth of the matter is that GM, a duPont-controlled outfit, never thought much of the steel (Morgan, Wall Street) line. It thought that scarcities due to production losses from strikes would be more inflationary than mild wage increases. Furthermore, if the steel formula should turn out to be any good, which no one seriously believes, GM will profit doubly in lower wages.

The UAW is also aware of the realities of the inflation spiral. It hails the company's recognition that "prices and profits are a concern of labor," and adds that "our members are not interested in the wooden nickels of inflation; they are interested in purchasing power."



GM can easily absorb the estimated $75 million the wage boost will entail. Its 1947 net profit was $288 million. In the first quarter of 1948 profits were 63 percent higher than in the first quarter of last year. The company's gross hit $1 billion for the third time in its history. UAW statisticians have calculated that the seven biggest auto firms could all grant the GM formula to production *and* white-collar workers, cut back auto prices $230 per car, and still make six percent on their invested capital. Despite these figures, it is generally believed in Detroit that GM's fall models will have somewhat higher price tags.

In addition to the motives implicit in the foregoing, why did GM settle so readily? It is assured peace in the two labor-troubled years ahead. Its materials-supply position is said to be much better than that of Chrysler and probably better than Ford's. Therefore, uninterrupted production will give it an advantage in one of the few major US industries that is still fiercely competitive.

Finally, it knew that the GM-UAW was ready to put on a long and tough strike. Many newspapers made much of the fact that Local 599, the Buick plant at Flint, Michigan, which is the largest GM-UAW local, voted against a strike.

This was taken as a sign of weakness and reluctance. Actually only seven of 80 GM-UAW locals voted not to strike, and the over-all vote authorizing strike action was larger than 80 percent. The GM-UAW has had no strike since November, 1945–March, 1946, and, while the treasury is not well-heeled because of very low dues, the workers individually are at least not suffering from a recent period of prolonged lack of income.

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(Continued from page 5)
to enter their own man in order to prevent a reactionary Republican from "stealing" the IPP nomination for himself by cross-filing on their ticket.

There was strong opposition within the IPP to making even a token fight against an outstanding liberal leader. Answering criticism from progressives all over the country, IPP leaders offered private assurances that they did not really intend to oppose Mrs. Douglas in the general election. After she had won her own primary, they would throw their full support behind her, they said.

Two weeks ago, Henry A. Wallace devoted one of his two days in Los Angeles to appearances in the Douglas 14th District. He and Sidney Moore, a Negro who is the New Party's candidate for Mrs. Douglas' congressional seat, rode up and down Central Avenue, the center of the Negro neighborhood. The two of them conferred with Negro leaders, and the next night 32,000 persons in Gilmore Stadium heard Wallace extol Moore's virtues.

Probably, the immediate damage that Wallace's participation in the primary campaign has done to Mrs. Douglas' chances is slight. There are only 832 registered IPP voters, out of a total of 175,000, in the district. The real danger for Mrs. Douglas will come in the fall. A strong campaign for Moore then might divide the progressive vote and assure a Republican victory.

Wallace found great interest in the New Party's attitude toward Mrs. Douglas when he went on into Oregon and Washington. In response to repeated questions, he said his party might still support her. Mrs. Douglas, he said, "has one of the outstanding progressive voting records in the US Congress. Whether we fight for Moore or not depends on how the situation works out. If Helen Gahagan Douglas becomes a war-monger we'll do everything we can to put Moore across."

Supporters of Mrs. Douglas point out that she was worked hard from strategic spots in the US delegation in the United Nations and the House Committee on Foreign Affairs for better relations with the Russians and a genuinely democratic foreign policy. She opposed the Truman program for aid to Greece and Turkey and fought attempts by reactionaries to twist the Marshall Plan to their uses.

AFRIKA FOR AFRIKANDERS

The Red scare is pushing South Africa toward a Nazi-tinged totalitarian nationalism. In the national elections which have just been held, one of the victims of the extreme rightist trend was Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts, who lost a seat he has occupied since 1924.

Not only does Smuts's United Party seem to have lost its control in Parliament, but a number of men, bitterly opposed to his conciliatory policies, have been elected to office. Some of these were interned as suspects during the war, some were connected with Oswald Pirow's New Order movement or the Broederbond, an Afrikander secret society. Others were "generals" in the Ossewarbrandwag, a Nazilike organization in the forefront of extremists who want to establish a "totalitarian republic."

Individual victors include Dr. D. F. Malan, former Minister of the Interior, who in 1945 pleaded for Germany as a bulwark in Europe, and Ben J. Schoeman, who during the war said "the whole future of Afrikanderdom is dependent upon a German victory."

RIGHT-WING DOCTORS WIN

The right-wing leadership of New York doctors last week had a Roman holiday. The Medical Society of the State of New York officially advised its members against participation in any voluntary health-insurance plan except those that it specifically approved. It turned thumbs down on the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, a medical program covering people with incomes of less than $5,000 yearly and providing almost complete medical and surgical treatment, including preventive medicine, for a fee of less than $2.50 a month for one person, and $7.25 monthly for a family. The plan serves employees of New York City and the United Nations, four unions and a score of private businesses.

From Dean Rappleye of Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, chairman of the HIP Board, the state society's action drew a sharp retort: "It is regrettable that the society should oppose efforts to provide adequate, modern, medical care for the many. The action is against the public interest."

Next victim of the society's ire was the Red Cross, whose blood bank was condemned as "not compatible with established patterns of American life." The society proposed instead that patients getting transfusions pay from $10 to $35 a pint for blood unless they were "medically indigent."

Faced with growing opposition from liberal members, the Medical Society of the County of New York last week appointed a "Loyalty Committee" and launched a campaign to label the opposition "socialistic." In the first contested election in years, the administration rammed through its candidate to victory over a surprisingly strong dissenting vote.

BADGERS ARE SHEEPISH

MILWAUKEE (NR correspondent)

Many of the Wisconsin GOP voters who gave Stassen a big hand in the primary last April 6 are now feeling somewhat sheepish. Only after the election did it appear that he had spent more money in Wisconsin than either MacArthur or Dewey and that a very expensive mail campaign had been conducted from Minneapolis. Also his liberalism did not look quite so good in the Oregon fracas. In fact, to many in Wisconsin it looked pretty much like opportunism. There is growing doubt in GOP circles that he can hold his delegates at the Philadelphia convention even for the vice-presidency. They are not bound to him under Wisconsin law.

There is more and more talk among top Republicans about a man who did not have a chance to show his strength in April—Senator Robert A. Taft. He

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is particularly attractive to local big-business leaders, who fear the return of the La Follettes on a MacArthur bandwagon. Thomas E. Coleman, boss of the powerful GOP voluntary committee, and Walter Harnishfeger, Milwaukee industrialist and heavy GOP contributor, both of whom were for Stassen in April, spent a good deal of time with Taft on his recent visit. Republican papers, too, have been saying nice things about the Ohioan.

FROM THE ASHES

The University of Michigan has decided to create a memorial for its students and faculty members who died in World War II, in the form of a research institute devoted exclusively to exploiting the peaceful and humanitarian applications of atomic energy. The institute, said to be the most comprehensive of its kind in the world, is to be called the "Phoenix Project," to symbolize the creation of a new era from the ashes and destruction of the old.

The idea was conceived by Fred Smith, a New York businessman and former Michigan student. Launched in December, 1946, it slowly won wide support and finally the approval of the University Board of Regents early in May. The project is composed of four separate parts: (1) a memorial rotunda to be built on the campus as a gathering place for scholars from all over the world; (2) a laboratory more completely equipped for research in medicine and the social sciences than any peacetime atomic organization now in existence; (3) an elaborate information center to assemble, classify and coördinate information on a world-wide basis; (4) a publishing agency to put out at regular intervals the findings of research in the field for the benefit of scientists everywhere.

GOP IN DIXIELAND

Senator Robert A. Taft, Ohio's favorite Republican, still contends that he will go into the National Convention with more delegates pledged to or instructed for him than any other candidate. Most of this strength is in the South: Taft is counting on receiving at least two-thirds of the 267 delegate votes of the 15 Southern and border states.

Harold Stassen recognized some time ago that the South was the place to come to grips with Taft. A Southwide Stassen-for-President headquarters was opened in Atlanta, headed by Alex Ackerman, a Floridian, who is billed as "the grandson of Amos T. Ackerman, major in the Confederate army and subsequently Attorney General under President Grant." Not since Reconstruction days has a Republican presidential hopeful enjoyed such a prominent place on fashionable Peachtree Street as that now occupied by the Stassen Southern headquarters.

Until the Stassen workers arrived, Georgia Republicans were divided almost equally between Dewey and Taft. The prospect had been that the "lily-white" faction would cast its first ballot for Taft, while the so-called "regulars" would support Dewey. As a result of the wooing from Stassen's managers in recent weeks, however, both groups now indicate that Stassen will definitely be their second choice if either Taft or Dewey fades out early.

Stassen plans at least one more visit to Georgia before the convention. But he will doubtless have to extend his Southern schedule to include other states as well if he is to make any real dent in Taft's Southern bloc. Despite considerable work in Florida before that state's Republican convention selected its national-convention delegates, Stassen will probably have only five of Florida's delegates on the first ballot. Taft and Dewey will also have five apiece. (The sixteenth delegate refuses to commit himself.) Florida politicians say that had Stassen stumped the whole state instead of concentrating on St. Petersburg and Orlando, he might have made a clean sweep.

The tightly controlled Texas Republican Party in its state convention last week reaffirmed its long-time love for Taft. Colonel R. B. Creager, state party boss, withstood attempts of both Dewey and Stassen backers to break his hold on the delegation. Taft will have 30 of Texas' 33 votes, probably for as many ballots as he wishes. Only two go to Dewey, one to Stassen.

As of now, Taft concedes majority strength in only one Southern state to Dewey, in none to Stassen. It is unlikely that Stassen can seriously alter this score in the short time remaining.

Deeper Into Hock

THE CURRENT *Federal Reserve Bulletin* serves only to document what most US consumers know. Ready cash in circulation has dropped steadily this year to a per-capita low of $189.79 in April, almost three percent less than a year ago.

And with less cash in hand, US consumers have gone deeper into hock to keep up with the cost of living. Total instalment sales credits outstanding at the end of March are pushing $3 billion, approaching the prewar peak. Dollar-down-dollar-a-week loans have passed $3.5 billion, an all-time high and twice the prewar level.

MAKE STOCKHOLDERS PAY

COLORADO SPRINGS

The American Public Power Association, which represents public-owned power systems, has just held its annual convention here.

It directed a memorial to Congress urging that stockholders in private-power companies be made to pay for the expensive campaign now being waged by lobby, press, radio and mail to kill public-power projects. It pointed out that it was unfair to charge this cost to private-power consumers who would benefit from public power.

John B. Quinn, director of the Missouri Valley Development Association, told the 200 delegates that the Pick-Sloan (Army Engineers—Bureau of Reclamation) joint plan is working well.

Samuel B. Morris, manager of the Los Angeles municipal plant, said it was the policy of the present Congress to slow down Western irrigation development with the idea of going ahead if depression makes government-

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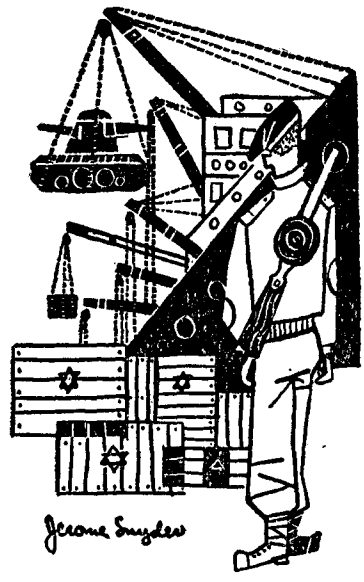
FISTS ACROSS THE SEA

DARK SHADOWS which hang over so much of the world were nowhere darker, last week, than over Washington and London. The war in Palestine had brought Anglo-American relations to their lowest ebb in many decades.

Each country, in the indirect language of diplomacy and sometimes more sharply, accused the other of encouraging the continuance of that war for selfish reasons. Americans said the war would end if Britain would cease playing long-term imperial politics and stop giving men, money and guns to the Arabs. The British answered that a truce was actually in sight when President Truman poured gasoline on the fire by recognizing the new state of Israel, by hinting broadly that the arms embargo would be lifted, and by promising the Jews an American loan which could be used to buy arms in the US.

Members of the US Congress loudly threatened to withhold Marshall Plan aid from Britain. Britain struck back effectively by urging France and the Benelux nations not to give recognition to Israel until she herself had done so. Close cooperation between these nations and the United States is one of the keystones of American policy, since this country hopes to weld them into a Western military alliance to halt any further Russian expansion.

In this deepening rift, the weight of world opinion was against Britain. Conservative America, backed by Communist Russia, was upholding the UN and supporting a new political and social order in the Middle East. Socialist Britain was backing Arab feudalism and delaying UN action. For this distortion of Britain's socialist faith, one bullheaded, prejudice-ridden man, Ernest Bevin, was responsible. And British Laborites, alarmed at the growing hostility to Britain in



America and Europe, combined in the British cabinet to demand a change in policy.

Partly as a result of this, by the weekend some breaks had begun to appear in the clouds:

1. Behind-the-scenes negotiations between Arabs and Jews were reported under way, with only a comparatively small area of disagreement still remaining. The chief points yet in dispute were said to be control of Jerusalem and some territorial concessions by the Jews in the south.

2. Should the struggle continue, there were signs that the British were looking hard for an excuse to cancel their support of the Arabs. Refusal to accept the UN truce terms might offer such an excuse. The British-Trans-Jordan treaty has an escape clause providing that relations of the signatories are subordinate to their relations with the UN.

3. Jews, Arabs, British and Americans all keenly realize that the war in Palestine must be stopped, and that it is not too late. Although over the weekend a major Arab offensive appeared imminent, the early stages of the war had been mainly maneuvering for position. The courage and effectiveness of Jewish resistance have given the Arabs a hint of how costly a real campaign against Israel would be.

4. The British insist that they have no real control over Arab policy and that their aid to the Arabs has been on a small scale. Yet the moral effect of a British denunciation of the treaty with Abdullah would be tremendous, especially if the Arabs are finally convinced by President Truman's actions that the United States now intends to give real support to the Jews. The Arabs are obviously in terror of the bombing planes, heavy artillery and other weapons this country might supply to Israel.

5. In terms of sheer potential blackmail, the threat that America might cut off Marshall Plan aid is powerful. Only the British themselves know how badly they need this aid.

6. And finally, British and Americans are alike vividly aware of the dangerous international potentialities of war in the Middle East. While the US Government does most of the talking about the "containment" of Russia on all fronts, the British are equally determined that this policy shall be made effective. A worsening of relations between the democracies would give Russia a golden opportunity to fish in troubled waters.

For all these reasons, Britain and America alike welcomed the few rays of light which, at the weekend, seemed to penetrate the storm clouds. It was true that, even at best, scars will remain, some of them arising from the disturbing possibility that there could be a threat of using Marshall Plan aid for purposes of political pressure. If the new hopes proved illusory, then the future was blacker than, even a few weeks ago, anyone would have believed possible.

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financed projects necessary. He suggested that public and private power users in the West pool their demands and thus assure the government market for federal power projects

APPA general manager Carlton L. Nau listed the private-power bills already before Congress to undermine public power and mulct the consumer, and warned: "Oh boy, wait until after the election."

REPUBLICAN TRADE ACT

Ever since the Roosevelt Revolution of 1933 the Republicans have dreamed of the day they could stage their own counter-revolution. Confident that the day is at hand, Republican Representatives are giving a little preview of what one aspect of their counter-revolution will be like.

By renewing the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for one year instead of the customary three, the House has crippled the government's power to negotiate tariffs. And the way is prepared for killing the whole trade-agreement system next year when Republicans hope to control both Congress and the White House.

The ruse of extending the Act for one year to keep tariffs from becoming an election issue is the work of the Republican Steering Committee, which decides what issues shall get priority on a crowded session calendar.

First the Reciprocal Trade Act, which must be renewed every three years, was referred to a House Ways and Means subcommittee. There, under the watchful isolationist eye of Representative Bertrand Gearhart (R, Calif.), it was bottled up until these hectic closing weeks.

The subcommittee is loath to see Reciprocal Trade, which enjoys wide non-partisan support from business and industry, get any headlines, so only closed hearings were held on the matter.

The Republican majority, of course, reported the measure favorably, though Democrats filed a minority report pointing out that a mere one-year extension would rob it of effectiveness at a time when the success or failure of European recovery may depend on such mutually advantageous trade treaties. Floor debate was limited and the bill was steam-rollered through by 234 to 149 on a strict party vote.

The performance had one salutary effect. It showed clearly that the Republican Party wears the high button shoes of the McKinley era no matter what new grooming seems to have been added by Vandenberg's well-advertised internationalism.

House Republicans dusted off the cobwebby arguments about protecting the American worker from the competition of low-paid foreign labor, protecting poor American industries and even preserving the American Way of Life.

And as for the need of protecting industry, nobody except the Republicans could suggest it seriously.

"Reason for Alarm"

THE National Association of Manufacturers specializes in viewing with alarm efforts of progressives to improve the US economic system. But now, the *Harvard Business Review*, an ultra-respectable publication also concerned with improving the US system, puts the shoe on the other foot.

The NAM, writes Alfred S. Cleveland, "has not altered appreciably since the turn of the century" in its viewpoint. "The extreme conservatism of the NAM . . . basing policy on the narrow and precarious basis of limited and short-run self-interest, is reason for real alarm."

J. Parnell Thomas please note.

PERSECUTION IN BUFFALO

For 22 years, Eleanor Dushane has taught Civics and French in Buffalo's public schools, consistently earning official ratings of "uniformly good" and "excellent."

Then two years ago an extraordinary series of efforts to get her out of the city's East High School began. She was charged by the principal of her school with "insubordination," "subversive activities" and "inefficiency" (see the *NR*, May 10). Her crime, so far as an outsider can see, is that she reads *PM*, the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, has expressed belief in civil rights for everybody, and once posted a notice of a forthcoming lecture by Max Lerner.

When the Buffalo school board ordered Miss Dushane to take an unnecessary sick leave, at a heavy loss of salary, she took her case to the courts and won a complete vindication. The school board, however, has appealed this decision. A Committee to Defend American Education is asking for funds to finance her fight. Its chairman is Barton Bean, address: the University of Buffalo.

POLITICIANS' DILEMMA

Congress has a nice problem. To abandon pending legislation and adjourn June 19 might cause political repercussions since, despite House Speaker Joseph Martin's boast to the contrary, the Republicans have not fulfilled their 1944-46 campaign promises. To meet for 10 days between the Republican and Democratic conventions would force the Republicans to pass measures placed on their platform the week before, or lay themselves wide open to public ridicule.

A between-conventions meeting of Congress also would put the Republican Party in an embarrassing spot if Senator Taft, Senator Vandenberg or Speaker Martin were chosen as presidential nominee. On the other hand, Democrats fear such an interim session because of the possibility that civil-rights legislation might be brought up for action, thus splitting the party on the eve of its own convention.

With adjournment due June 19, most of the GOP pledges are log-jammed or shelved in committee. The Senate still needs to consider the draft, civil rights, funds for ERP, national health insurance, minimum wages, farm-price support, tidelands oil and the Mundt-Nixon bill. The House list includes the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill, revision of the United Nations, increased social-security benefits, federal aid to education, draft, health and anti-lynching legislation.

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ITALY'S NEXT ROUND IS HARDER

by Claire Neikind

IT IS REMARKABLE to anyone returning to the US from Rome to see how quickly Americans have relaxed into apathy now that the Italian elections are over. We seem to have sighed our relief and promptly looked away.

The announcement of the formation of the new Italian cabinet has passed virtually unnoticed. Yet it is a government which will not only mold the fate of our ward for the next five years but in large measure also determine the strength or weakness of State Department policy, the flow or ebb of European communism, the success or failure of the Marshall Plan.

The fight to block communism in Italy has won only one round—a political defeat at the polls. It must go on now to the more difficult terrain of economics. Final victory will depend on the extent to which the new government is able to reject old economic clichés, carry through serious reforms and achieve prosperity in Italy. Essentially this means how far it is willing to go in economic planning and government controls.

Both to the independent Socialists who want it, and to industrialists and big landowners in the Christian Democratic Party who don't, such planning has been the sharpest cause of concern since the elections. It is chiefly around this that the silent struggle between Center and Moderate Left for control has revolved.

On the strength of this potential bargaining power, the Socialists have been able to extract important concessions from de Gasperi on this issue. But from the looks of the new cabinet line-up, it cannot be said that they have won.

The first major hint of this came two weeks ago with the selection of Luigi Einaudi as president of the

new republic. Although formally a conservative and spiritually a banker, Einaudi had done a surprisingly effective job of control in his year as de Gasperi's boss of the budget. His blunt refusal to yield to industrialists on this program had left them howling for his hide.

They got it. Despite anxious Socialist pressure, Einaudi has been kicked upstairs. Control of the country's budget and finances will pass into the hands of the conformist Christian Democrat, Giuseppe Pella. Working with him as Minister of Finance will be Ezio Vanoni, another Christian Democrat who has been touched by financial scandal.

Although budget control will be a vital key to Italy's recovery, it is obvious that the administration of ERP funds and goods will be even more important. The man chosen as ERP committee chairman is right-wing Socialist Roberto Tremelloni, an honest man, but one of the weakest fighters on the Moderate Left. He will be working with five other men, only one of whom may be counted on to be on his side.

Ivan Matteo Lombardo, the powerhouse of the Moderate Socialist movement, will bolster him as Minister of Industry and Commerce. But on the other side will be the anti-planning Christian Democrats and right-wing independents who will control the Ministries of Treasury and Finance, of Foreign Trade and agencies for the development of Southern Italy.

In the next year, $700 million of American money and supplies will pass through the committee's hands, of which one-third will be foodstuffs. The quota of steel and machine equipment will be inadequate to modernize Italy's industry.

Actually, the amount and proportions of goods designated for Italy in ERP's first year are about the same as she has been receiving from America by one means or another since the end of the war. With this help Italy already has raised her over-all manufacturing level to 88 percent of the 1939 figure.

But the rewards of this recovery so far have gone almost completely to the handful of monopolists who dominate Italian industry—Montecatini, Snia Viscosa, Pirelli, Ansaldo. Through government subsidy and American aid these firms have employed their workers and collected their profits.

Too few of these benefits have seeped through to the people. True, they have maintained life by eating borrowed bread. But their living standards are still low enough now to earn the almost universal comment that "things were better under Mussolini."

America promised them bread if they rejected the Left. If, by the time the ERP term is over, they do not have it, regularly and in sufficient quantities, we won't have the chance to promise again. We will be laughed out of Italy with the satiric slogan: "If we don't have bread, it's because America has been sending it to us," and Italy will look elsewhere.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

California and the New Party

NEXT AFTER NEW YORK, the New Party is stronger in California than in any other state. Skilled politicians in sympathy with my program had said it was impossible to get the New Party on the ballot. They had wanted me to run in the Democratic primary and I had refused, because I felt to do so would confuse the issue. Those who circulated the petitions in California and obtained nearly a half-million signatures accomplished one of the outstanding political feats of recent years.

In 1944 and 1946, I had campaigned in California as a Democrat. In 1947 I had reported there on my trip to Europe. It seemed clear that the response of California to my appearance in 1948 would mean a great deal as to the success or failure of the campaign. Now that I have finished my series of California meetings and shall not return until next October, I can report that the sentiment for peace is stronger in California than anywhere else in the country except New York City.

Los Angeles, Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco surprised me with a total attendance at meetings of more than 60,000. Interest in the Bay area was unusually keen because Stalin's reply to my open letter came in while I was making a conversational broadcast with Sidney Roger, one of the most beloved commentators now left on the air. He was enormously pleased to get such an instantaneous news break.

The forward-looking movie people are still terribly depressed by the offensive carried on against them by the Un-American Activities Committee, but they are beginning to get their courage back.

Some of them came to this country from Europe and know what went on in Germany in 1932 and 1933—and it breaks their hearts to see the United States fall into the same pattern.

Unemployment is still widespread in the American movie industry at present, because a large number of films have been put in cold storage and are only slowly being brought out. Hollywood is but a shadow of its former self. As many brilliant writers and producers are excluded from work, or begin to pull their punches, the artistic merit of the films goes down.

From one point of view, the most significant political event of my trip was the meeting with 9,000 Mexican Americans in Los Angeles. In the past the Mexican Americans have never been politically very active. But now, like the Negro people, they are expressing their determination to put an end to second-class citizenship.

California presents a curious contradiction—it is the most feudalistic, as well as the most progressive, state in the Union. The prosperity of California agriculture is based largely on exploiting migrant labor. While in San Francisco we met with representatives of the Filipino agricultural workers who are striking against the asparagus growers. Several hundred strikers have been evicted from their homes and the situation recalls that of the famous Salinas lettuce growers' strike several years ago.

One reason California is progressive is because so many people are disgusted with the power of conservative capitalists. US Senator Sheridan Downey (D) is now looked on as a spokesman for the large agricultural interests.

These are fighting the Interior Department which wants to continue to base the Central Valley development on irrigation for farms of 160 acres or less in size. Family-sized farms are a crying need of the Central Valley if California is to emancipate itself. The newcomers, who today are overwhelming the large cities, can't be taken care of unless agriculture is expanded in the Central Valley on a family-farm basis.

In speeches at Oakland and San Francisco, I called for the New Party in 1950 to run a man to defeat Sheridan Downey. Both times there was an enthusiastic response from audiences largely composed of workers.

Everywhere, I meet with extraordinary distortion of the news by certain conservative newspapers. An interesting example was the action of a San Diego paper which sent a photographer to a meeting half an hour early, to take a photo to show a lot of empty seats! The same paper did the same kind of thing in 1946. When the American people finally discover the extent to which the press has misled and bamboozled them, their anger will be deep—as it should be.

As a rule, wherever I go, I get fairly good local coverage in the news columns, except for an occasional performance like that in San Diego. Editorially, of course, I anticipate the worst and usually get it. This is to be expected; editors are generally true to their bread and butter. What I do criticize is deliberate distortion in the news columns or failure to report in focus. Most of the press of the United States effectively blacked out the major portion of my letter to Stalin, and the American people would never have known what I had written if Stalin had not replied.

The American press has never reached a lower moral level except perhaps in the intense partisanship of the days of Jefferson and Lincoln.

When will America get over her guilty conscience and be herself again?

Henry A Wallace

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CZECH RUBBER STAMP

National elections are supposed to be democratic, but Communist methods assure victory for the National Front

by David Scott

PRAGUE

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S national elections of May 30 are worth watching only in so far as they demonstrate the efficiency of the Communists. Few people in Prague now doubt that Prime Minister Gottwald's government, organized and controlled by the Communist Party, is here to stay. Most Czechs who were resolutely opposed to it and were able to leave the country have already done so. Occasional manifestations of opposition reveal themselves in the form of demonstrations by outspoken students and by a number of poorly organized "illegal" newspapers, but these are not taken very seriously.

Shortly after the February crisis, the people were told that they would still be able to vote in the national elections for candidates from any of the existing parties. Then, on April 9, the powerful Trade Union Congress unanimously passed a resolution calling, in effect, for a one-party election through a joint election list consisting of members of the present National Front Government. This was immediately endorsed by all political parties and newspapers. *Lidova Demokracie,* organ of the reorganized Catholic People's Party, declared: "A joint list of candidates will prevent the traditional discord and strife of election campaigns. Now that there will be no election battle, the people can devote themselves calmly to their work. Many hours wasted at meetings will be saved, as well as much paper wasted on election posters."

Ten days later Parliament passed a new bill, specifically designed to cover procedure for the coming elections. Any individual obtaining 1,000 signatures could run as an independent for

KLEMENT GOTTWALD

Parliament, and with a like number of signatures, political groups could put up a list of candidates. May 10 was the deadline for opposition candidates to present themselves, but none made an appearance; the joint election list of the National Front was the only one reported from all districts of Czechoslovakia.

Voters could still cast a blank ballot if they did not support any of the candidates. However, Rudolf Slansky, Secretary-General of the Communist Party, struck the keynote for the election campaign: "A blank ballot will mean a vote for a new Munich." Taking this cue, all newspapers are pushing an ever mounting drive to deter their readers from casting the negative vote. Already Vaclaw Nosek, Minister of the Interior, has stated that to do so would be, in effect, treason to and desertion from the nation.

There is opposition to the government among many of the Slovaks, a large number of students (voting age is 18), and a number of Prague intellectuals, but it will not be fully shown at the polls. There is a lingering element of independence among Social Democrats. This independence may die when the formal merger of the Communist and Social Democratic Parties takes place after the elections.

Concern over domestic and international politics in Czechoslovakia is slowly being replaced by preoccupation with this year's harvest. Throughout last winter the Czechs lived largely on grain from the Soviet Union and meat and potatoes from Poland, a dreary diet at best. Machinery, shoes, textiles and other manufactured products which have been meeting the domestic demand were exported in exchange for these basic foodstuffs. A repetition of the 1947 drought could be disastrous to the economy and living standards of the country and create a difficult situation for the government. Even an average crop will mean a considerable improvement in living conditions and morale.

Gottwald's government is well aware that its future, as well as the success of the communist system which it advocates, depends on providing for the material well-being of its citizens and on placing the country's economy on a sound basis. They will not allow any ideology to keep them from reaching this goal. Hence one can best evaluate the depth of the Czech Communists' quarrel with the West by considering the unique position their country holds in the Eastern Bloc.

Unlike that of other Central or Eastern European countries, the normal economy of Czechoslovakia is largely geared to importing raw materials and exporting manufactured goods such as machinery, glass, ready-made clothing, leather products, and vehicles. In this way the Czechs have maintained one of the highest living standards on the Continent. In 1937, almost 50 percent of all their trade was with the United States, Great Britain and Germany alone, and only some 13 percent with Eastern Europe.

Although trade with the other Slav countries is now steadily expanding, and Czechoslovakia is to play a very important role in the increasingly integrated economy of the Eastern Bloc, it is significant to note that, under the Five Year Plan starting next year, 55 percent of all Czechoslovakia's foreign

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trade will be with the West. Official government spokesmen really mean what they say when they repeatedly speak of their desire for friendship and good relations with the West, and particularly the US. In this respect they are far more realistic as well as frank in their utterances than those on the other side who wish to sever East-West trade.

Antagonism toward America, although fundamental in nature, might easily be forgotten were an advantageous trade agreement realized. The ideological barrage can be turned off at will, provided US policy warranted it. The achievement of improved relations would do much to break down domestic opposition to the Communists, and the government is quite aware of this. Recent events, however, have not offered them much encouragement along these lines. It has been reported, for example, that US authorities have prohibited the sale of two blast furnaces by the Austrian government to Czechoslovakia, despite the fact that negotiations had been completed two months ago.

With the exception of a small minority, most Czechs retain an underlying warm feeling for America. The American Institute, a non-political organization devoted to purely cultural matters, flourishes in Prague. Language schools still find their English courses packed with students. Weekly "jam sessions" held in a public hall are filled with local hep-cats, and it is quite common to hear a group of students there dramatically debating the virtues of Bunk Johnson v. Dizzy Gillespie. The bi-monthly *Jazz* publishes the schedule of the AFN stations in Germany to facilitate listening to "GI Jive." Beauty parlors advertise an "American Cold Wave." The US Reading Room, where one can find current American magazines, books and newspapers of all types, and obtain free copies of the Embassy Press Section daily news bulletin, the schedule of the "Voice of America" broadcasts, or *Time* magazine, is no longer avoided.

The attitude of the government, as reflected in the newspapers, reveals some of the same characteristics. Much is being made of the arrivals of small groups of Americans coming for the Sokol gymnastic exercises to be held in June and July. The presentation of the 500th clothing parcel from American teachers was an occasion for speeches about strengthening understanding and friendship between the two countries. Little attempt was made to conceal official disappointment over the small number of Americans who appeared for the 600th anniversary celebration of Charles University or their complete absence as exhibitors at the international fairs held in Prague this spring. The recent exchange of notes between the US and the USSR was gladly pounced upon as "marking the defeat of war-mongering forces."

Meanwhile the government is making the country over. Its activities are by no means confined to routine nationalization, but branch into every conceivable field. An "anti-drink" bill points out that in 1946, thirteen times more money was spent on alcohol than on books, and that every citizen of the country must be provided with such good living conditions that he will be happy though sober. A large number of night clubs and "disreputable" hotels have been closed down and converted to students' dormitories. The problem of names is being dealt with by a law which will permit a married couple to adopt the surname of either the husband or wife. Thus a daughter could carry on a revered family name, or an undesirable name could be made to disappear. A grant of 10 million crowns has been made for the relief of Bulgarian children, who suffer from undernourishment and tuberculosis, and for pregnant women and nursing mothers. The honorary title of "National Artist" has been created, its recipients to receive a regular award.

The Communist Party, which is the driving force, is concerned meanwhile with problems created by a bandwagon psychology. Rudolf Slansky, referring to membership in the Communist Party (which recently passed the two million mark), warned that "opportunists pursuing their personal careers or people without character must not be accepted. If any dishonest elements succeed in infiltrating into the party, they will soon be discovered and removed." On the other hand, "Those who wish to join the Communist Party must do so because of their own conviction, and membership must never be imposed on anybody," he said, directing his remarks to party officials who in certain offices had handed out membership forms to be filled in by the next day.

DRAWINGS BY DOROTHY BRONSON

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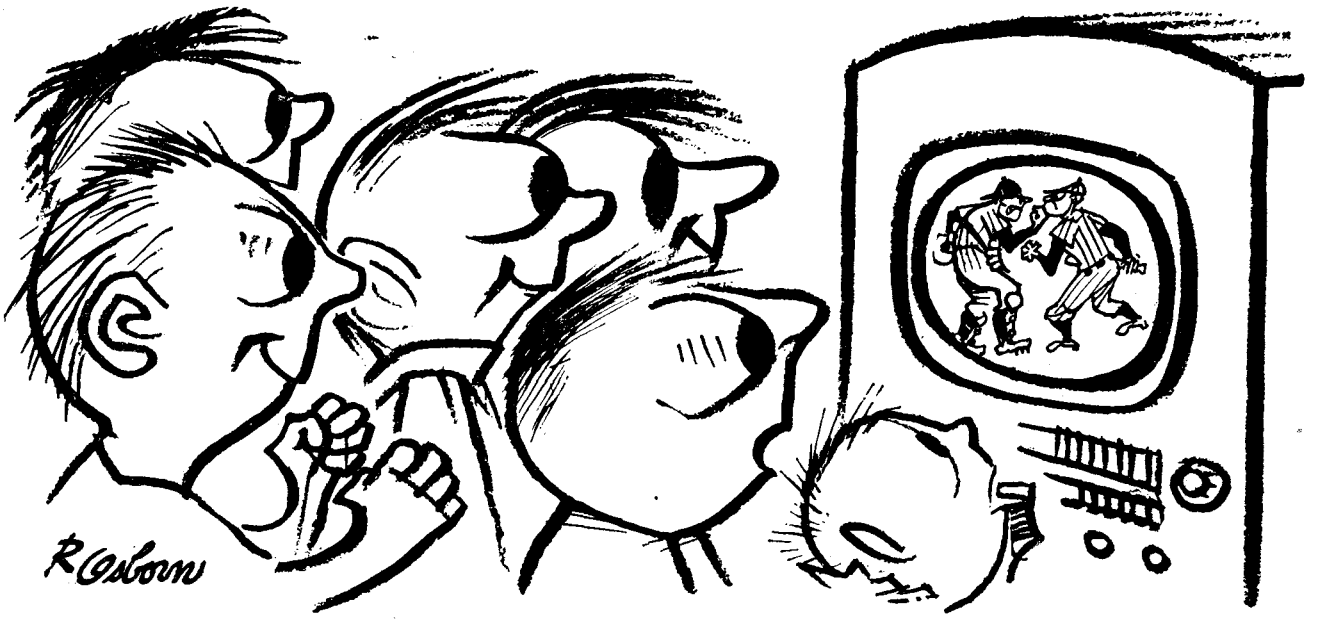

A LOOK AT TELEVISION

TELEVISION spends its money lavishly for scientific perfection. Often, however, it seems to have forgotten the simple fact that the audience must be attracted, impressed and held by the programs it broadcasts.

NBC's recent show dedicating Radio City's beautiful, spacious, newly refurbished Studio 8G was an example of this absentmindedness. Video had come to 8G. Behind it was the very best of NBC technicians' know-how. The new studio was opened with loud noises. George Bernard Shaw had been persuaded to allow one of his plays, "Great Catherine," to be televised. The Theatre Guild produced it, and the star was Gertrude Lawrence, presumably making her debut on television.

Critics with long memories, however, pointed out that Miss Lawrence had played several scenes from "Susan and God" over NBC television in June, 1938. They also pointed out that while the improvement in the technical quality of the images on the television receivers was marked, neither of the two shows was impressive as entertainment.

Between Miss Lawrence's two coming-out parties there has been a decade of fumbling in television programming. Along the East Coast there have been some advances. NBC's Theatre Guild playhouse is undoubtedly the best dramatic show on television now, with the same network's Kraft Theatre a close second. "Nature of Things," a program explaining science, makes very good use of the new medium. There are good newsreels, and sportscasts that range from the acceptable to the enjoyable. On the whole, however, the story is a sad one.

The present state of television broadcasting, even in New York where the best programs are put on the air, can be judged by comparing radio with television at any random hour. On a recent Friday night at 8:00, when radio was offering nothing particularly outstanding, the programs for persons in the New York area compared as follows:

Radio: CBS, Fanny Brice; NBC, Paul LaValle; ABC, "The Fat Man."

Television: three films, all hoary with age, or a fashion show.

This also doesn't take into account the serious music broadcast by several local radio stations. However, on television, you could have received an enjoyable "kid" show earlier in the evening, and after 9:15 DuMont television offered wrestling and NBC telecast the local fights.

The story is even sadder when you leave the East Coast. Cincinnati is a good example. Over the radio, a Cincinnati listener can get good local programming from one of six stations in the area, and the best of the shows on the four coast-to-coast networks. WLW, the city's largest and most successful radio station, is in television on a day-to-day, commercial basis, using the call letters WLWT. It broadcasts the only television now on the air in Cincinnati. There are four

In 1924 the infant radio industry first reached a national audience through its broadcasts of the American political conventions. Today, observers are pointing to television's plans for covering the political circuses of 1948 and are drawing the obvious conclusion: this will be the first year of the coming television boom.

To assess television, the New Republic assigned its radio and business writers, Saul Carson and Harold Wolff. What they found out about the sets, the programs, and the prospects for the industry make up this report on Television: 1948.

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channels, however, and two more stations are under construction.

WLWT's main studio is resplendent with everything new, modern and ultra-scientific that money can buy. Around the place, there are an even dozen television cameras, including five $16,000 image orthicons that are so sensitive they could focus on a needle in a haystack. A mobile unit parked in the back contains $125,000 worth of equipment.

WLW had set aside $1.5 million as WLWT's capital appropriation. The television operation had run through that money and piled up an operating loss of another $150,000 over a two-year period. It now loses $25,000 a month in operating expenses.

What the television viewer got for all that money one Tuesday several weeks ago was: a half-hour of "Kitchen Klub" (recipes); two films ("Dizzy Days" and "Diamond Experts"), shown once in the afternoon and again in the evening; a full-hour television version of the old rebus game, called "Who Am I?"; followed by four singers and a pianist billed as the "Coleman Bros." On other days, there are Cincinnati Red baseball games, and occasionally a current newsreel or WLW newscast in the evening.

What one hears about television programming even in cities like Chicago and Los Angeles, where the art has been practised longest, is no more reassuring. WLWT's showing recalls one that took place a little more than two years ago in New York, when the DuMont firm opened a brand-new, beautifully equipped studio. The *pièce de résistance* of the première was a series of corny acts and amateurish singing that would not pass muster at a grammar-school graduation.

Most of the television programs that are any good may be seen only in the East. This is due to technical factors. Television cannot be broadcast over a radius of more than about fifty miles. So far, the only feasible television network operations are dependent upon AT&T's coaxial cable. That is an expensive set of wires capable of carrying the video images clearly; the old telephone lines make them fuzzy. The cable extends only between Richmond, Virginia, and New York, tying in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. From New York, television is sent by micro-wave (another transmission system in development) to Boston and Schenectady.

On the Eastern networks, programs turn out to be better, since costs can be shared among several stations. DuMont, NBC and ABC now operate television networks in this area, and CBS is starting.

There is reason to believe that when CBS and ABC get into full operation, television programming in the East will be bolstered. Both of these networks should offer stiff competition, with good results for the viewer.

Another powerful programming influence coming up in New York City will be WPIX, operated by the *Daily News*. WPIX has hired some of the best television program people available and has done a good deal of program experimentation during the incubation period. In news coverage through films, WPIX has already shown itself to be faster and more aggressive than some of the older stations. Such news coverage will play an increasingly important role in television programming. It is possible now to film a news event and have it on the air a half-hour after the negatives have been delivered to the television studio.

Hollywood hasn't yet made up its mind whether or not entertainment by television is going to furnish serious competition. Warner Brothers is building a video station in Los Angeles, and Paramount is experimenting with transmission of television directly to large screens in theaters.

Better television programs are undoubtedly on the way. The coaxial cable is being extended, and all the networks—plus WPIX as an independent—are using films to extend their service to television stations beyond the coaxial belt. Microwave relays may also be improved and extended so as to cover areas now isolated, like Cincinnati.

Actually, the WLWT management

hopes there will be more competition in its area soon. The same is true of other operators of television stations which so far monopolize the video air in their cities. They know that with more stations in their areas, more sets will be sold. More sets to tune in means more advertisers. In turn, that means the broadcaster will be able to afford better programs.

Whether the broadcaster will have to wait for the completion of that chain of events, however, is partly up to the viewer. The broadcaster can be forced to give more, and better, service sooner. He has certain legal obligations, under the Communications Act, to serve "the public interest, convenience and necessity."

One outstanding public service will be television coverage of the Republican and Democratic national conventions. Also, there will be at least token coverage of the Third Party convention.

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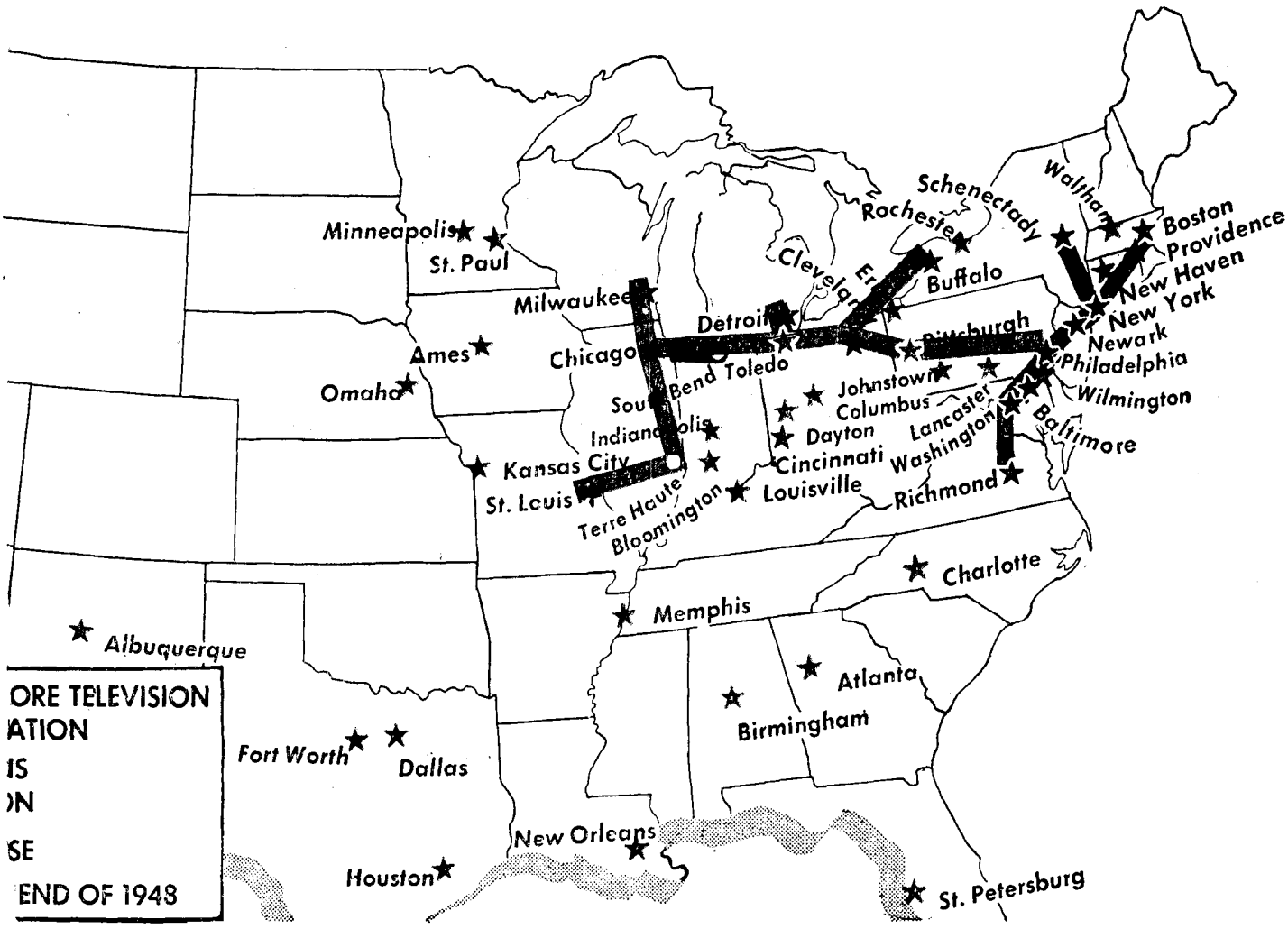

NEW REPUBLIC MAP BY LEBOIT

Such television broadcasts are only an indication of the trend in the new medium. In the long run, the television-set owner will undoubtedly be furnished with good public-service, news and entertainment programs. There will be improved drama telecasts and informative, educational material. Development has been slow, but 1948 has seen and is seeing a marked advance in television offerings.

With much of this improvement still in the future, is a television set worth buying now? If you live in an area that will have no television stations on the air before 1949, there is no reason to hurry. But if there is even one station on the air in your locality, you will probably get a lot of fun out of a set. If you live in the Eastern area and have several stations and networks available, you get the best 1948 buy in television.

Another thing to remember is that now, when the number of receivers is still small, the individual television set owner has a lot of influence with the broadcasters.

One of the best ways to improve present television programming is to get into it as a viewer—then sound off.

SAUL CARSON

How Good Are the Television Sets?

IF THE FARE that television is dishing up these days is to your taste, you can't go far wrong with the current sets. But it is just as true that if you can wait six months you'll get a better set and a better buy. The consensus of the industry is that "cheap" sets will be cheaper, and good sets will be better. A reliable prediction is that within two years sets will be selling for about half what they cost now.

You can buy any one of six adequate sets with a seven-inch picture tube in the $150-$200 range. The cheapest are the Tele-tone, at $149.50, and the Hallicrafter, at $169.50. They do a remarkably good job if properly located and installed. But remember that the inexpensive sets have eliminated a number of tubes which improve the signal. So if you're outside the primary service area, you may get poor reception, or none at all.

As for the seven-inch screen, it's pretty much a personal matter. The kids may like it and you may find it adequate for certain purposes. The Radio Corporation of America, on the other hand, feels that this screen is definitely too small and it has discontinued the seven-inch model. You can, of course, use a magnifying lens to

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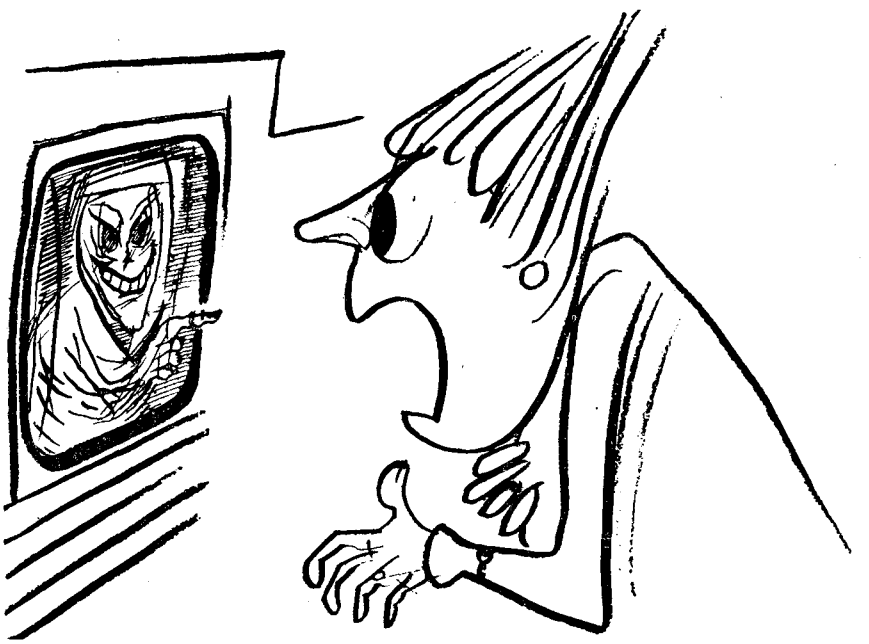

enlarge the image, of which more later.

There is plenty of evidence that the price of the seven-inch sets will drop in the not too distant future. The price-conscious Emerson Radio Corporation's Dorman D. Israel predicted recently that most producers will turn out ten-inch receivers for less than $200 next year. Obviously, if the seven-inch manufacturers expect to stay in business, they will have to cut their price below $100. New developments in lower-cost circuits and component parts should make that possible. At least one manufacturer, the Regal Electronics Corporation of New York, has announced a $99 set to be on the market soon.

In the intermediate price range—$250 to $550—you get a ten-inch viewing screen and a better electronic circuit. Not much is likely to happen in the near future that will make a better set of this type available, though competition is expected to force the price down. In shopping for television values, the ten-inch set should be the best buy because the cathode-ray tube—the most expensive item—is being mass-produced, while the larger tubes are made by hand.

One of the things to look for in the intermediate price range is automatic synchronization, now available on Philco, RCA and DuMont sets. Other sets have to be adjusted each time you change the station. Another feature is the swinging screen which enables you to turn the set instead of having to rearrange your furniture. The Crosley Swing-A-View, the Clear-tone and the Sightmaster all have this feature, generally considered a boon to television enjoyment.

When you get into the $500-and-up class, you are beginning to buy a hand-made luxury item, largely furniture, so esthetics have to enter into your decision. For example, as you go from a ten to a fifteen-inch set you more than double the cost of the tube alone. In this class there is still a raging feud between direct-view sets—notably those of RCA and DuMont—versus the projector models of RCA, Philco and US Television.

If you are considering investing a lot of money, you must reckon with the fact that within a couple of years your set may be outdated. Scott Radio, for example, has announced that it will shortly introduce an entirely new projection principle developed by North American Philips Company. And the more expensive ones are bound to have additions which will improve the reception. Better aerials, for example, to bring in more stations, are expected in a short time. You cannot afford to ignore the prediction of Dr. Lee De Forest, elder statesman of the industry, who predicts color television within three or four years. Even DuMont's conservative Dr. Goldsmith has predicted commercial color television in five years.

Set Installation

In television talk, "it isn't the set it's the installation," is replacing the old "heat-humidity" gag. There are localities and buildings where the best set on the market will get you nothing but ghosts and whirling dervishes. Buildings, noises, trees, hills affect reception, even make it impossible. If you live near an airfield, planes passing by may make your images revolve. Any electrical apparatus—elevators, diathermy machines or similar installations—will cause interference unless expensive steps are taken to eliminate it.

The biggest headache of all is the aerial. There is no more pitiful television tale than that of Irwin A. Shane, publisher of *Televiser,* one of the leading trade magazines in the field. On March 3, Shane lost a criminal suit against his landlord, as a result of which he is unable to have a television aerial on his roof. As he tells the story: "The doorbell rang at 7:30 one morning last November and a registered letter was shoved into my hand. The letter stated that I had ten days to remove my antenna." Investigation revealed that all the tenants in the building who had not signed leases granting a 15-percent increase had received similar notices. The lower courts sustained Shane's charges against the landlord, but the Court of Special Sessions acquitted the landlord and Shane was on the verge of selling his television set when a special installation was devised enabling him to use an indoor aerial.

Shane's experience is far from unique. There is at least one case on

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record of a landlord who not only demanded a 15-percent increase, but the sum of $100 for the privilege of having a television antenna on the roof.

But even that is not the whole aerial story. Suppose you live in an apartment building and your neighbor has a television set which is working very well. The mere fact that you erect another antenna on the roof may spoil the operation of both sets. When television becomes a mass phenomenon, the maze of aerials on city buildings will become a problem to be solved only by the erection of master antennae—a development still in its infancy.

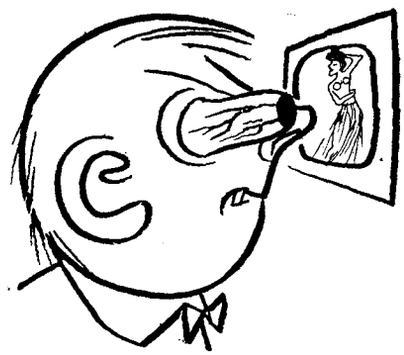
In addition, your aerial has to be adjusted so that the waves from the broadcasting station will reach it at the correct angle. It may not be possible to receive all telecasts on the same aerial. Many New York set owners are discovering this as the higher channels come into use.

The only way to cope with this problem, as with other quirks of television sets, is by a sizable investment in "gadgets."

Gadgets

The only difference between gadgets for your television set and gadgets for your car is that in video it may take a "gadget" to make your set work at all.

A case in point is the tricky antennae that are on the market. For example, for the recent Television Institute, Station WATV, now on the air from Newark, New Jersey, con-



ducted an experimental broadcast of one hour to introduce itself to the Institute audience. Not one of the sets —and all the major manufacturers were represented—was able to get the station except Farnsworth, which happened to be equipped with a new type of aerial known as Roto Beam. This is an ingenious device with a motor in the base of the antenna that rotates the dipole toward the station you are trying to receive. The only trouble with this otherwise commendable accessory is that it sells for $115.

To make your small screen image more viewable, you may want a magnifier. Ranging in price from about $30 to $136 plus a $45 installation fee, these magnifiers will increase a seven-inch screen to the equivalent of more than ten inches, and blow a ten-inch set up to something between twelve and fifteen inches in viewability.

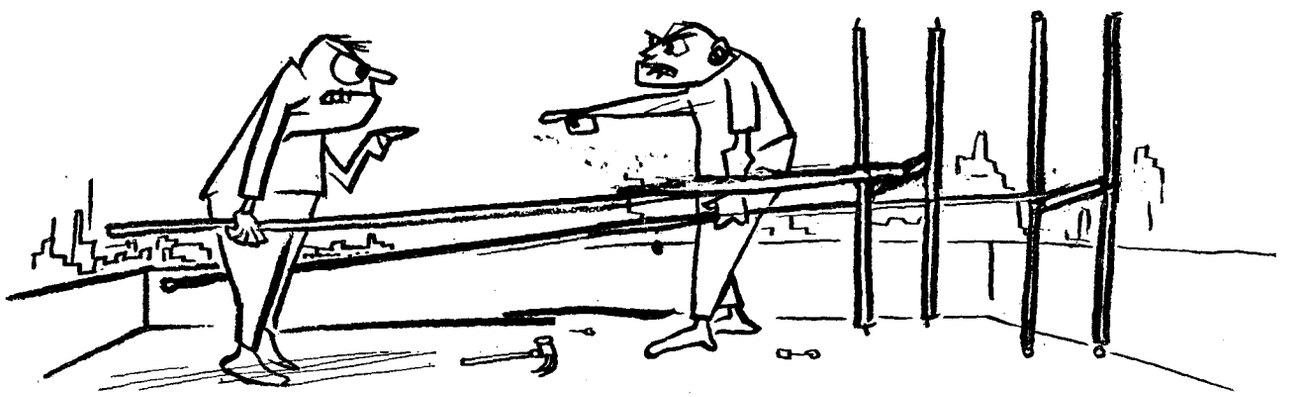
Magnifiers work satisfactorily for people who sit directly in front of the screen, but if you venture far to the left or right, the magnified image becomes impossibly distorted. The sole exception seems to be the magnascope, the most expensive of these lenses, which, by using a solid piece of plexiglass has overcome the distortion more successfully than its competitors. But again, at $170 or so installed, this means increasing your outlay by half again as much as your set cost.

What other accessories it will take to make your television set work properly depends on circumstances probably beyond your control. You may need a signal booster, for example, to compensate for your poor location or bad aerial situation.

Another gadget problem is raised by the current crop of rumors suggesting that television is bad for the eyes. Harriet Van Horne, radio columnist for the New York *World-Telegram,* quotes a responsible oculist as authority for the statement that "television will not blind the public . . . but will put undue strain on the eyes of those already suffering from visual weakness." And New York radio shops are currently displaying ads like: "Avoid eye strain. Buy a filter." There is considerable evidence that—at least for some people—watching a television screen is a strain which can be cut down or entirely eliminated by one of the various types of filters on the market at prices from $5 to $50.

Service

A television set is a much more delicate instrument than a radio and it needs more nursing and higher-priced service. Few people get through the first year without at least three service calls, and it has been estimated that these visits cost from $10 to $15



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT OSBORN

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apiece. RCA, which sells a service policy for one year with its set, has lost considerable money on its service operation. Many people feel that smaller manufacturers will not be able to survive because of the service factor. So, if you go in for television, either buy a service policy or be prepared for another expensive outlay.

HAROLD WOLFF

Radio — On the Way Out?

AT THE Television Institute, a trade conference held this April by *Televiser* magazine, one session was billed as "Facts and Figures." The speaker never showed up, so the meeting went on without the benefit of the "facts and figures," as do most discussions in the field. Most so-called television statistics are free-flying guesses, and those are invariably out of date before they get into print. But even the few facts that are available add up to "colossal."

A year ago there were six stations. Today there are 27, with 54 under construction. By the end of the year, 350 will be licensed. With each of these representing an investment of at least $100,000, the capital that is flowing into this industry is obviously tremendous. At the consumer level, in 1946, 6,500 sets were sold; in 1947, 162,181, and estimates for 1948 range from 500,000 to 750,000. That will mean sales of from $200 to $300 million to an industry which is already outselling radio five-to-one in dollar volume in the New York area, according to Gerald O. Kaye, RCA Victor distributor. Within the next five years, it is freely predicted, television sales may reach a billion dollars a year.

In terms of advertising, the story is about the same. A year ago some 30 advertisers were half-heartedly toying with television; today the figure has passed 300. But at that, NBC's television revenue this year will probably amount to less than $2 million. As soon as all the planned stations are operating, advertising income is expected to outstrip that of radio. Television shows cost from two to five times the outlay for a comparable radio program, so the production end should be a burgeoning business.

After looking at the figures, enthusiasts are predicting that television will become one of the country's ten big industries and one of the mainstays of the next business boom. However, it is obvious that most television growth will be accomplished at the expense of the radio industry. And to the extent that radio manufacturers, broadcasters, actors and advertising people move over into television, the result will be the supplanting of one large industry by another somewhat bigger one.

Most experts are now predicting that television will knock the pins out from under radio. The best opinion in the field is that radio broadcasting will be left with a rural audience plus city listeners for those hours of the day not profitable for television coverage. Obviously what would be left of the radio industry would find slim pickings.

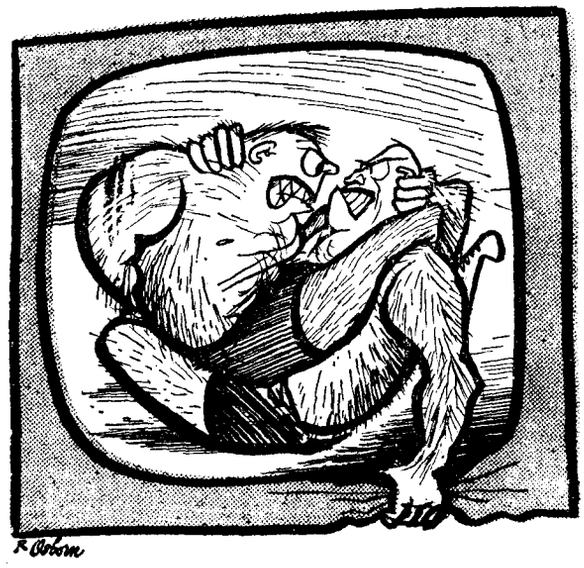
The competition between radio and television is a family matter. More serious is the relation of television to some of the other forms of entertainment. This year, one of the major attractions on the air was the televising of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus over the CBS television network from New York's Madison Square Garden. On five different occasions the entire performance was sent out over the air. Macy's advertised: "Why go to the circus? Buy a television set and see it at home." *Variety*, noting that the circus attendance outdrew last year's by a wide margin, commented: "It's virtually certain that television ups interest in business for RBB."

John Ringling North apparently thought differently. Reputedly angered by the Macy ad, he announced that never again would the circus be televised. Pointing out that there would be a lot more sets in operation next year, a spokesman for North declared, "We won't give away our entertainment."

Many sports promoters feel the same way about it. One boxing club in the Philadelphia area has discontinued fights which coincide with bouts being telecast from New York. The promoter admits that his fights, which used to satisfy Philadelphians, can't compete with television broadcasts of the better New York ring programs. The promoters of the Zale-Graziano fight, to be held in Newark this month, have announced that they will not sell the television rights for fear of hurting their house.

Similarly, Ted Collins, owner of the Boston Football Yankees, has said, "Sports promoters are being given razors and asked to cut their own throats with television. Listening to a sports program on the radio may whet your appetite. Watching it on a television set fills your appetite. Radio broadcasting has definitely increased the gate, but television means that the best seat in the house is right in front of your own television set."

HAROLD WOLFF



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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A LITTLE LESS THAN GREATNESS

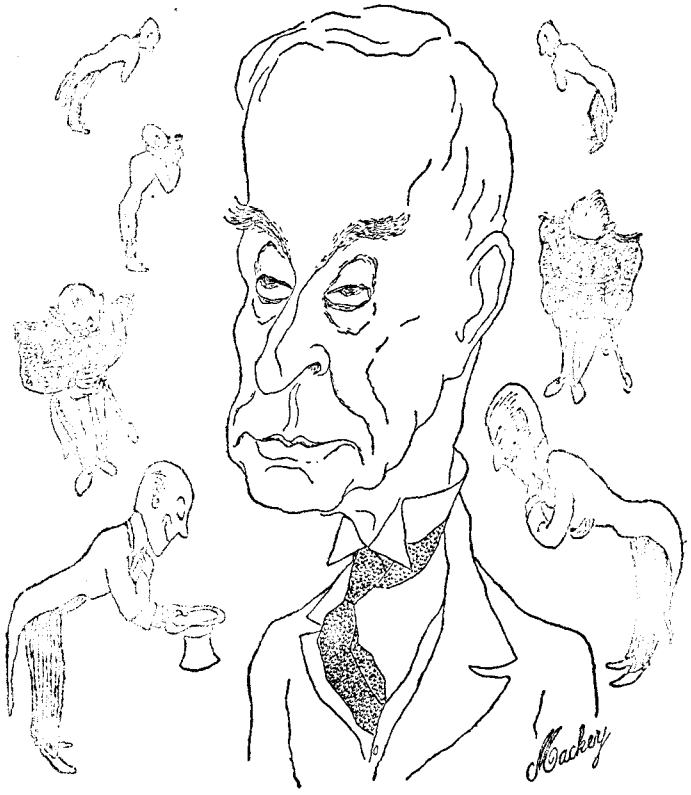
by William Harlan Hale

CORDELL HULL, who set an all-American endurance record as Secretary of State (twelve years less three months), seems to have felt that his *Memoirs* (two volumes; Macmillan, $10.50) should set a record for sheer interminability too. His 124 chapters and 1,742 pages of 10-point type are a challenge to your own stamina. In my case, frankly, only the fact that I had been hired to do so kept me ploughing along in Hull's verbal tracks all the way to the finish line.

This is not to argue that the memoirs of historic figures had better be kept short. The *Intimate Papers* of Woodrow Wilson's Colonel House bulked up to four volumes—all of them full of movement, stress and color. Few readers would wish to impose a verbal limit on the growth of Winston Churchill's lifelong chronicle as it moves through volume after volume to recapture on a spacious canvas the glint of men and the panorama of an age. And probably no one who has dipped into the brash, bright and spicy 2,000-page memoir of the last Kaiser's favorite chancellor, Prince Bülow, has ever protested that this tattletale courtier wrote too much.

But Hull's book lacks the human insights of a House, the drama of a Churchill and the keyhole revelations of a Bülow. And when set against other memoirs of the same place and period, his book cannot approach Frances Perkins' *The Roosevelt I Knew* for warmth, James F. Byrnes's *Speaking Frankly* for briskness, or Henry L. Stimson's *On Active Service* for clipped coherence. Of its importance as source material there can be no doubt; but as "a GREAT book" (as its publishers claim) it is, I think, an expensive bore.

Was Hull a bore, too? Sometimes, yawning as his volumes slide from lap to floor, one wonders. No; it couldn't be; he was a vital, moving part in too many Rooseveltian deeds that helped to shape the nation and galvanize the world. There was the long campaign for lower tariffs and trade agreements which Hull led; the Good Neighbor policy which he made real; the uphill fight against American ostrich isolationism in which he never wavered; his share in salvaging our moral strength at a time of military disaster; his help in waging coalition war on a fair basis of give and take; and finally his pioneer work in building a United Nations structure on premises that lay close to his earnest, moral nature.



And yet, in spite of Hull's high role in what Herbert Agar called "a time for greatness," his pages flounder in mediocrity. How is it that a man who professed to be so unlike Coolidge can manage to sound like just another Coolidge, distinguished only by a free-trade refrain and a Tennessee twang? Hull's policies, his pages keep recording, are "sound"; the measures he likes are "wholesome"; the colleagues he works with are "patriotic"; the opposition he confronts is "extremist." When we look for really incisive comments on the top-ranking men with whom Hull dealt in the high years of his life, all we usually get are such observations as that Ambassador Winant "possessed unusual ability"; that Lord Halifax "possessed vision and a constructive mind"; that Churchill "showed vision"; and that Herbert Hoover "did not indulge in humor, though I think he appreciated it moderately."

Hull appears to appreciate humor even less. The unconscious comedy provided in this day and age by old-time diplomatic mumbo-jumbo seems, for instance, to elude him. So he leads us pontifically into that creaking world in which international situations are always "deteriorating," arousing the "grave concern" of the Secretary, who "cannot view with equanimity" but must "deeply deplore" with a sense of "painful surprise," et cetera. Perhaps the use of such language is inevitable in a man who spent a dozen years among

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the gilt-framed portraits and static rubber plants in the high-ceilinged room of the Secretary of State. Still, it bespeaks conservatism and old ways. And (this is hardly news) Hull was a conservative man.

Until I read these memoirs I hadn't realized, though, just how conservative he was. My first shock came on page 182, when he remarks that old Josephus Daniels was "a little too radical at times to suit me." Then we learn that Harold Ickes (whom Hull frostily characterizes as "quite active . . . with an unfortunate approach") was "often quite far to the left." Henry Wallace, of course, was "in many respects an extreme leftist."

"In general," Hull notes coolly and revealingly, "I was not a social intimate of the President. . . . I was frankly glad not to be invited to the White House groups where so often the 'liberal' game was played on an extreme basis. . . . My presence in their gatherings would have been as embarrassing to me as to them."

Perhaps this passage offers a key to the whole book and to its stiffness, its desiccation, its hauteur, its air of discomfort amid Rooseveltian surroundings, and its undertone of resentment against all those who dared encroach upon the preserves which Hull had staked out as his own. Being at least halfway hostile to the New Deal, and suspicious of its destination, Hull wanted at all events to keep it out of the State Department. By and large he succeeded—only to find New Dealers trying to circumvent his department or even overcome it.

Why did Roosevelt allow him to carry on in this fashion for so many years? The reasons, I think, are three:

First, Roosevelt had been deeply indebted to Hull even before 1932 as one of the few key Democrats who had sworn to help wrest control of the party from the Smith-Raskob group whose high-tariff views had, he said, betrayed" it; and Hull's own low-tariff, free-trade views had made Roosevelt see in him a natural leader of the internationalist cause;

Second, throughout his first term Roosevelt was almost wholly preoccupied with domestic recovery (so much so that not until 1936 did he get around to devoting a speech to foreign policy), and during this period Hull solidified his command of our affairs abroad, proving himself a shrewd departmental technician as well as an earnest schoolmaster to the truant, disordered democracies;

Third, during his later terms Roosevelt felt more and more pressed by the approaching storm abroad to veer away from his closest New Deal advisers (many of whom, as he didn't forget, had remained blindfolded isolationists years after his prophetic "quarantine" speech), and it was at this time that he found in the now well-ensconced Hull a tough and magisterial aide to support his gambits against aggressors.

Even so, there is evidence in Hull's own memoirs that Roosevelt by no means always placed full confidence in him. In dispatching the inflated Raymond Moley as a last-minute, personal troubleshooter to the stymied London Economic Conference in 1933, the President seriously compromised his Secretary of State on the spot. Next year he appointed the bumptious George Peek—whose economic ideas were at loggerheads with Hull's—as his Foreign Trade Adviser, and Peek at once took this as a cue to try to elbow Hull out of the vital trade-policy business. Later, Roosevelt let Undersecretary Sumner Welles (whom Hull brands as having been "disloyal" to himself) circumvent his chief and virtually freewheel with policy. Still later, Roosevelt decided that anti-Axis economic warfare, like propaganda, should be carried on outside of the State Department; and when it came to planning what to do with a defeated Germany, Roosevelt for a while listened to the Treasury's Morgenthau rather than to his constituted foreign-policy adviser.

Some of these moves were no doubt due to Roosevelt's impulsive habit of setting up rivals around him and then letting them fight it out. But their persistence suggests that the President knew what his senior Secretary cannot now admit: namely, that the State Department under Hull was simply not fitted to carry out a militant and sweeping democratic program. Hull recalls with pride that on taking over the department in 1933 he made only the fewest changes in its staff or organization—which means that he took over the traditional, well-born hierarchy of Foreign Service "cookie-pushers" approvingly and intact. He congratulates himself on having kept foreign affairs from being "the football of domestic politics"—a praiseworthy aim, which in practice often resulted in isolating his department from democratic impulses and demands.

As a result, Hull was unprepared, when the war crisis came as he had predicted, to make his department an all-out instrument for the people's victory. Clinging to striped-pants diplomacy in a time that called for rolled-up shirt-sleeves, he was inclined to go slow, to rely on men like Robert Murphy rather than on men like Ambassador Dodd, to appease the Pétainists rather than attack them, and to prefer deals to disorders. ("Disorder in Spain," he writes, defending past courtesies to Franco, "would only operate against our own interests as well as the interests of the Spanish people. We preferred to await developments.")

Under such circumstances, the Board of Economic Warfare which Roosevelt had set up became for a time virtually a second State Department, in militant opposition to the first. Then some of Morgenthau's men ("Morgenthau was emotionally upset by Hitler's rise," Hull remarks condescendingly) also got out of hand; and the Secretary declares his dislike of such "types of persons." Finally, when Robert Sherwood's overseas propaganda office was created, it became such an annoyance to Hull that his memoirs ignored it altogether.

All this is not to minimize the times when Hull himself was militant and effective. Perhaps his most striking single action was in doggedly pushing

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through the destroyer-bases deal with Britain in 1941, in the face of a host of querulous objections. He was shrewd and brave, too, in the way he tried to hold off Japan during those months of frantic preparation in 1941. He was forthright in opposing Churchill's preference for the House of Savoy and Badoglio's regime after Italy's surrender. He was even more forthright in opposing Churchill's 1944 proposal that Britain and Russia divide the Balkans into spheres of influence between them. He was at his most forthright when he opposed Roosevelt's brief tinkering with the idea of ruling the world by means of a great-power coalition (France was not only to be subordinated but even disarmed), and insisted on the United Nations concept instead.

Such was Hull at his best. And before we judge his limitations too harshly, we must pass judgment on our own. Of the years of American isolationism and refusal to face the looming issue, he writes, "The frustration of the period was like that of a dreamer who sees a monster approaching but is unable to move his legs to escape or his lips to scream." Hull at least looked the monster squarely in the eye—even though he didn't always recognize him for what he was.

Since we Americans awakened so late in the fight, we had to resort to many a desperate stratagem and half-baked compromise to gain time and save our skins. The important thing was to recognize that the compromises *were* compromises. Here, I think, is where Hull failed us. Our policy toward Vichy and the shabby *attentistes* of French North Africa can be defended on grounds of sheer military necessity. But Hull maneuvers himself into defending it on the ground of principle. "We had been firm [with Vichy] throughout," he sums up, "and never wavered from our basic principles. We had not once appeased. . . . The price we paid for these successes was comparatively infinitesimal."

Here the operative word is "comparatively." How "comparative" can you get when the aims of a people's war are at stake? There were limits, but Hull didn't see them. He certainly never sent a directive to General Eisenhower to warn him of them.

Hull, I think, embodied American strength in his obstinacy in defeat and in his sureness of victory and a better world. He seems to have embodied our weakness in his own ideological fuzziness. He thought of himself as a Gladstonian at home, without quite being a Gladstone in stature; he started out to be a Rooseveltian abroad, only to become fearful of Roosevelt's own impetus. He was not a small man in a large place, but he was a medium-sized man who stayed medium while his place grew enormous. Sometimes he caught the sparks of greatness. But they rarely set him afire. Often, staying cool and somewhat clammy himself, he seemed intent on putting out the fire of Roosevelt.

"GOOD, SOLID WORK"

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS, by Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. (Alfred A. Knopf; $5).

TO MARK the publication of *Joseph and His Brothers* in one volume, Mann has written an introduction in which he reviews the vicissitudes of its creation during the sixteen crucial years from 1926 to 1942. He might well feel a special affection for a work which "was my staff and my stay on a path that often led through dark valleys." But in a more impersonal vein, "as the son of a tradesman" with a "fundamental faith in quality," he judges that it is "good, solid work," and he asks with a becoming detachment whether it will "be numbered among the great books."

There are many admirers of Thomas Mann's other novels who do not share his "justifiable astonishment at an almost incredible achievement," but regret the "years of patient labor" that might have been otherwise employed. Admittedly, this is to go beyond the given facts to the "might have been," but after all, no artistic achievement merits the kind of respect for the inevitable that we accord the solar system; the discrimination of taste and the exercise of critical judgment always imply possible alternatives.

After the successive publication of the four volumes and the critical field day they afforded, and with Mann's own elucidations to hand, we know pretty well what he intended to do. At the beginning of the work he pauses with the reader on the brink of "the well of the past" and commands: "Down, then, and no quaking!" Later: "Perhaps you closed your eyes, on the journey down; open them now! We have arrived."

And what has been the purpose of this dive down the rabbit hole "so deep below the marge of time"? Story-telling, Mann explains, "conjurest up timelessness in the mind of the folk, and invoketh the myth that it may be relived in the actual present." What we are tracking into the "remote and misty past" is a "myth," really the fascinating Joseph himself, "that once so living and conversable personality," but now also the archetypical figure: the scholar, the "dreamer of dreams," but at the same time the "glib of tongue and pleasing of speech," the "provider" for his people.

What works against the effectiveness of this design, I think, is that as a myth Joseph is already too solidly and circumstantially established; his story is complete through twenty-five chapters of Genesis. As an archetype, Joseph is too weighted with detail already so familiar that the book is not the tour de force or variation on a theme that it should be, but an *amplification* of the story on its original lines, choked with archeology, anthropology and Biblical criticism. The same thing, but (by implication) done *better,* almost as if to make Genesis superfluous.

True, Mann calls his book "a humorous song of mankind," and he has written explicitly about the irony of the work. But the burden of the proof lies with the text, and this irony too seldom works for critical perspective and is too frequently mere sportive familiarity. Again, in a kind of depreciation of the august subject to the

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simply picturesque, the figures of the story are reduced, by mechanical adjustment, to slow-motion miniature.

Inevitably, or perhaps even appropriately, the language is often static, artificially archaic. For good and bad it is what Mann calls "fine language" as "in conversation which no longer served the purpose of a practical exchange of ideas or of intellectual discussion, but consisted in the mere relation and utterance of matters well known . . . in recollection, confirmation and edification, a kind of spoken antiphony, such as the shepherds of the fields exchanged around their evening fires." As such, in isolated passages, the book has a cumbersome beauty.

JOHN FARRELLY

YEARS OF THE PYGMIES

THIS WAS NORMALCY, by Karl Schriftgiesser (Little, Brown and Company; $3).

THE TURNING STREAM, by Duncan Aikman (Doubleday and Company; $5).

IF THERE WERE a progressive and alert Democratic Party today, it could make good use of Karl Schriftgiesser's *This Was Normalcy*, a straightforward and unadorned political record of the twelve years between Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

There have been few administrations in American history as bleak, backward, unconstructive and generally depressing as those of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, three petty and uninspiring men who were elected to the presidency by the will of the voters, apparently in moments of abstraction, between the regimes of two great Democratic leaders.

There are no new judgments in *This Was Normalcy*. It does appear that the Democratic standard-bearers of 1920 and 1924, James M. Cox and John W. Davis, were worthier men than their defeats have made them seem, and it becomes clear once more what a loss to progressive leadership was suffered when Al Smith, smarting from his defeat in the election of 1928 and in the Democratic Convention of 1932, allowed his bitterness to turn him against all the principles he had fought for in the bright years of his career.

Essentially, however, it is as a reminder of half-forgotten events that the chronicle is valuable. Although Schriftgiesser's study shows the terrible things that can happen to a country when it throws out of office an enterprisingly creative, at least partially liberal regime in favor of a do-nothing, tiredly conservative, unimaginative administration of "sanity," it also has a warning for the Democrats.

The heirs of Woodrow Wilson were thrown out of office and kept out largely because the nation was weary of progressive enterprises, ambitious dreams of international collaboration and the stirrings of fresh ideas. It wanted to be left alone to enjoy the seeming fruits of success. But there was another reason for the party's defeat. What vague possibilities it had of victory were based, not on its acceptance of the atmosphere of reaction, a willingness to be merely somewhat less conservative than its rival, but on its determination to appeal honestly to what remained of the forces of liberalism and progress. Instead, the party accepted the twilight of what should have been its cause, grew almost apologetic about its advocacy of the League of Nations, and, suddenly terrified by such epithets as "Russian" and "Communist," backed up Woodrow Wilson in his final days of fearing the Reds, and forsook the great dreams of his creative period.

Although it hid the worst signs of retreat into fear by presenting Cox, Davis and Al Smith as its successive presidential candidates, it gave itself away in 1920, when it came dangerously close to nominating Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, who had led the thought-control, anti-Red raids of the hysterical days following the First World War. It is still chastening to remember that Harding, not Wilson, let out of jail that dangerous revolutionary, the gentle Eugene V. Debs, imprisoned as a wartime peril.

There are many other helpful reminders in Schriftgiesser's book. It is, for instance, worth recalling how, despite his increasingly conservative final phase, Woodrow Wilson was attacked as a dangerous radical in the same virulent terms that were used in the later assaults upon Franklin D. Roosevelt. As instances of the blindness that can go with political partisanship, it is interesting to note how such decent and respectable American leaders as William Allen White and Nicholas Murray Butler saw the corruption that dominated the Republican Party in the Harding-Coolidge years, hated it, and yet, out of party loyalty, supported Harding and Coolidge.

When the rottenness of the Harding Administration was being exposed by Thomas J. Walsh and Burton K. Wheeler, the press of America, instead of denouncing the corruptionists and applauding the men who were making the revelations, did just the opposite. The Senators, who were bringing to light the huge frauds against the government were "scandal-mongers" and "assassins of character"; the papers talked of "poisoned-tongued partisanship, pure malice and twittering hysteria" and described the inquiries as "in plain words, contemptible and disgusting." Reading *This Was Normalcy*, it is difficult to believe that the newspapers of the United States, taken as a whole, have ever been right about anything.

The mildly liberal La Follette third-party candidacy for President in 1924 was widely proclaimed a Communist conspiracy, backed by Moscow gold; and when Harding was elected in 1920, his running mate, Calvin Coolidge, declared it meant that "the radicalism which has tinged our whole political and economic life from soon after 1900 to the World War period had passed."

Finally, when Coolidge, in a moment of rare tolerance, spoke of three conditions under which the US might consent to recognize the Soviet government, and Russia announced her willingness to enter into negotiations with Washington under his terms, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes replied that "there would seem at this time no reason for negotiations." It does have

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a familiar ring. Incidentally, Schriftgiesser makes the odd mistake of calling Joseph E. Davies "the first US Ambassador to the Soviet Union." The post first went to William C. Bullitt, who hardly honored it.

The shadow of Russian-American relations also impinges upon Duncan Aikman's *The Turning Stream*, a somewhat wordy but always intelligent contemplation of the past and the future of our democracy.

None of it is more timely than the author's reminder of such easily forgotten facts as that the US, like the USSR, was once the bad boy of the nations; that much Western policy—from intervention against the Bolsheviks in the early days of the Russian Revolution to our questionable conduct toward the Spanish Republic—has given Moscow reason for suspicion; that Russia had a long police-state tradition when we were beginning our tradition of democratic freedom; and that, above all, our best weapon in any ideological difference with Moscow is to make our own democracy function.

Aikman also reminds us that the Soviet Union's greatest sin is its insistence on making things difficult, not for its enemies in the US, but for those liberals who are anxious to be its friends. Chiefly, the book is concerned with pointing out that our democracy is a constant struggle rather than a completed fact, that smugness and a nostalgia for an only half-understood past are among our greatest national handicaps, that fear is becoming almost as sinister a factor in our life as in that of the Russia which inherited centuries of fear, and that the battle to preserve US tolerance has grown more desperate than ever.

Aikman is a firm believer in America's ability to adopt social planning, and in the real contribution free enterprise can still make to a decent and successful social synthesis. He charges that we tend to forget, when contemplating our successes and failures, that important part of the Declaration of Independence which deals with the pursuit of happiness.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

SURFACE POLISH

THE OUTER EDGES, by Charles Jackson (Rinehart and Company; $2.75).

FROM THIS SLICK, tricky, spastic little novel it would appear that Charles Jackson had let fall whatever of valor he displayed in his first two books and whipped out a quickie while his publisher breathed down his neck. Whatever you may think of *The Lost Weekend* as literature, it had a terrifying authenticity, and if in *The Fall of Valor* Jackson's reach exceeded his grasp, he at least made the old college try at a theme which we have all seen muffed by experts. This one now, *The Outer Edges*, is built like a radio program and has about as much profundity. *The Outer Edges* affords enough exercise to whip up an appetite, but it provides little food for thought.

Jackson's thesis seems to be that all kinds of people are variously affected by reading of a brutal sex crime, served up in the smacking style of tabloid journalism. He has a point there, to be sure, but it is a limited one, and Jackson's attempt to endow it with universality accounts largely for the failure of his novel.

Six or seven years ago, near Katonah, New York, a degenerate adolescent boy kidnaped, raped and murdered two little girls and threw their mutilated bodies from a Westchester bridge, a tragic incident which was exploited in full, lubricious detail by the metropolitan tabloids. It is clear that the author of *The Outer Edges* recalled this tragedy and made use of it in his novel, for the locale and many of the details are the same.

I do not mean to imply that Jackson should not borrow any contemporary material which interests him, and employ it as a fictional device. I mention this only because he has also used another, and quite recent, news story to furbish a savage portrait of a young avant-garde intellectual. This, as I say, is legitimate, perhaps even cricket, but it also gives his novel a scissors-and-paste quality which it can ill afford.

The patchwork pattern of the story begins on a brilliant September day in

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Westchester, as Aaron Adams, a retarded seventeen-year-old, steals a flashy station wagon and speeds along the sleek Saw Mill River Parkway in a state of manic exuberance. In subsequent, interspersed vignettes we glimpse him as he accosts a young matron, again as he entices two little girls into the dazzling car, and finally, relaxed and merrily garrulous after his tranced, compulsive crime, as he chatters with a kind of idiot innocence to the jailer in his cell.

In brief, choppy chapters, shuffled like cards, Jackson introduces a heterogeneous group of characters, whose lives are interrupted and affected by Aaron Adams' witless crime. Some encounter him unknowingly; others become aware of him through poring over his story in the pages of the *News* and *Mirror*. None has known him, but all of them in some way are stained by his act. The bored young matron whom he accosted is enabled, by achieving a tawdry limelight, to effect the conquest of a local Casanova; a complacent junior executive is eventually reconciled with his wife and small daughter through a dual identification with Aaron and the father of the murdered children; a crazed Columbia student, steeped in the writings of Kafka, attempts unsuccessfully to kill his janitor's little girl; two East Side moppets, inspired by the story, accuse an innocent old man of molesting them; a newspaperman, a sob-sister and a dilettante intellectual theorize obsessively about the murder in a correctly grimy Third Avenue Irish bar. All these are the servants of coincidence as they shuttle back and forth before a sort of camera eye.

Some of this book is done expertly, to use the word without praise, and a great deal of it has the kind of immediate plausibility that does not sustain inspection. These are not new faults which Jackson exhibits here; they were in the first two books, although they were not so distinct. Maybe now that he has crowded so many of them into *The Outer Edges* he won't have to use them again. JOHN WOODBURN

MUSIC: Shop Talk and Festivals

IN ONE RESPECT the Hartford *Times* is unique among American newspapers: its managing editor, Carl E. Lindstrom, is a music critic. Recently he has been worrying about the failure of his paper and other papers to recognize adequately the popular interest in serious music that has grown up in this country in the past decade.

With a zeal for practical action one might not expect from his quiet manner, Lindstrom decided to take the lead in trying to assess the aims and improve the quality of music criticism in New England. The *Times* enlisted the coöperation of the National Federation of Music Clubs and the Composers-Authors Guild, and invited to Hartford the music critics of the New England newspapers, large and small, as well as a few guests from outside the area. For two days, in speeches and discussions, the critics aired their problems and tried to define their responsibilities. In off-hours the visitors listened to programs of contemporary American music to which the public was also invited.

The undertaking brought the small-city critics out of their isolation and put before them an educational idealism without which their craft is meaningless and arrogant. It awakened many of them, in some cases perhaps for the first time, to the vitality and variety of the music of our own time and country. And, thanks to Lindstrom's belief in the importance of the subject, it presented to other newspaper editors the novel spectacle of a daily paper which took music so seriously as to devote two and three full pages to it on three consecutive days.

The Bach Festival given annually in the Lehigh University chapel at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has lost none of its special glow in 41 seasons. There is a great serenity about the setting, the absence of applause, the leisure of the audience to savor the music without rushing off to another appointment, and the animation with which the big chorus rises to its task. Other conductors have better sense of a suitable Bach style than Ifor Jones; and all the soloists this year except Mack Harrell were shockingly inadequate to their assignments. But such shortcomings as these are largely conquered at Bethlehem, one of the few places in America that successfully eliminates the urban impediments to peaceful enjoyment of music.

Every May, Columbia University turns its attention to contemporary American music in a festival financed by the Alice M. Ditson fund. The fourth of these festivals—arranged, as usual, under the generous and far-ranging eye of Douglas Moore of the Columbia music department—followed a familiar pattern by opening with the production of a new American opera and ending with a broadcast program of orchestral music conducted by the winner of the annual Ditson conducting award. In between were concerts of chamber music, of organ and choral music, and, as a novel variant, of ballads, hoe-downs, spirituals and blues by accomplished folk singers.

As a successor to Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Medium" and Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All," given at the Columbia festival in 1946 and 1947, Otto Luening's "Evangeline" was a disappointment. The libretto, from Longfellow's poem, never showed a spark of life; the singers were sticks, and the scenes were put together without a trace of dramatic instinct. Much of the music was of folksong character, and none of it had much apparent relation to the story. E. E. Rice's famous opera-bouffe, "Evangeline," which played for twenty years in the late 1800's, must have been more exciting; at least the heroine was nearly swallowed by a whale.

The orchestral concert was a different matter. For the Ditson award the festival committee chose Dean

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Dixon, a gifted, well-trained and deeply musical conductor who's also a Negro. The concert, broadcast by CBS, gave the nationwide audience its first experience of his altogether remarkable talents. A commissioned symphony by Wallingford Riegger proved to be no more than a dressing-up of the rhetorical devices of the late romantic period in the fashionable costume of twelve-tone atonal harmony, The program also held an eloquent viola concerto by Quincy Porter of Yale University and a highly competent symphonic pastiche by Robert Ward of Columbia.

CECIL SMITH

RADIO: This Is CBS

SINCE THE CBS network pioneered with documentaries and since it still leads that field, it can afford an occasional flop. It just had one with a full hour of radio time devoted to "the basic issues" behind "the betrayal" of the American Indian. What the hour betrayed was an apparent unwillingness to tackle the problem. There was nothing wrong with what was said in "Arrows in the Dust," but too much was left unsaid. Even to an amateur historian it was evident that the punches were being pulled.

The writers, Ralph Andrist and Ralph Backlund, are the men who last year wrote a series of documentaries, "Neither Free Nor Equal," broadcast locally over WCCO, the Minneapolis station owned and operated by CBS. I heard only one of those shows, but read the scripts of at least half a dozen and had reliable reports about the rest. Andrist and Backlund could have given this coast-to-coast broadcast as much honesty as they wrote into their local effort.

CBS also owns stations WTOP, Washington, and WBBM, Chicago, both of which are worth mentioning right now.

WTOP has stuck its neck out by producing a series of programs entitled "The Undiscovered." Like the recent ABC network which handled venereal disease realistically, each WTOP episode says words too often left unspoken, probes into problems more frequently aggravated by a conspiracy of silence. At the end of each session, WTOP's announcer gives listeners the telephone number of a local clinic where syphilis and gonorrhea are treated free. As a result hundreds of calls have been received. Hazel Kenyon Markel, the station's public-service director, deserves a lot of credit for risking deep local prejudices by putting on "The Undiscovered." It isn't always easy. For instance, look at WBBM.

H. Leslie Atlass, manager of WBBM, is also CBS vice-president in charge of the Central Division, with headquarters at Chicago. Therefore, it was to the full network's credit that WBBM in the last two months has garnered awards in all the leading competitions with a local documentary series called "Report Uncensored." It was a great program; it may still be. But the title fits no longer.

At the Institute for Education by Radio in Columbus last month, no show attracted more attention than "Report Uncensored." Ben Park, its writer and producer, was the Institute hero. He had done, on a local commercial station in a big city, what very few educational broadcasters had been able to do. He had produced a show which each week tackled some real problem—for example, the racial tensions that have brought bloodshed to Chicago. Currently he was working on housing and local realtors were dismayed by his choice of subject.

Atlass seemed happy. His trade-magazine advertising boasted of the praise heaped on "Report Uncensored." Then, immediately after the Columbus Institute adjourned, Atlass exercised the v-p's prerogative. On a few hours' notice, he ordered Park to drop the housing documentary scheduled for that week. Into its place went a "special," telling listeners of the praise "Report Uncensored" had earned. The irony was too much for Park; he resigned.

Atlass has a story, but there are too many sides to it. He did bring to the air, the week after Park's departure, the very documentary (with minor cuts) he had previously ousted, and that might seem to demonstrate his good faith. It also weakens the station's official explanation: (1) that Park editorialized too much; (2) that Park had not had time to prepare the script.

You may recall that, a few months ago, Mutual canceled an Arnold Perl show on civil liberties only to fill the vacancy with another very good production. The WBBM doings seem to follow the same pattern. First you get rid of the offending writer; then, to meet criticism, run his show or substitute something pretty good. In the long run, censorship by owner's prerogative is the winner.

SAUL CARSON

THEATER

O'Neill Again

WE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL to the company at the City Center for the opportunity it gives us to see Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays. Since we have no repertory companies, nothing resembling a national theater (our country being too poor to establish one, in contradistinction, let us say, to Palestine), the chance to review part of our dramatic heritage must remain a matter of accident. Our theater is so organized that O'Neill's part in such a heritage—or even the idea that we possess one—is something of which we must constantly be reminded.

Not that the City Center production of the "S. S. Glencairn" cycle under José Ferrer's direction is entirely satisfactory. In fact it is mediocre. This may be due to the inadequate two-week period allowed for rehearsal. The ac-

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tors have undoubtedly worked hard to do the plays justice; they nevertheless give the impression of a hasty job.

The company appears to lack that simple faith in the importance of O'Neill's emotions and people which gives these plays dimension. The characterizations in this case become merely a question of accents, and the accents are neither accurate nor convincing. A sense of particularization and close identification with each person is generally missing—though players like Nan McFarland, George Mathews and Harold J. Stone seem on the way to achieve them.

Still, it is a good thing to see these plays again. If we think of the difference between the treatment of the sailors in "S.S. Glencairn" and in such a popular success as "Mister Roberts," we may appreciate anew the distinction between a real dramatist and the greater number of American playwrights from 1915 to the present. And in this distinction—arbitrary and unfair as it may seem in the present instance—lies a lesson.

I once heard a malicious and witty Irish critic say of O'Neill that he was a great playwright who never wrote a good play. Like the run of such caustic quips, the statement is significant even though untrue. Many Europeans and a few Americans think of O'Neill in just such terms. There is no point in insisting that they constitute a minority, since this minority is a conscious group, while most of us reiterate the opinion that O'Neill is the first playwright of our land in a manner almost as mechanical as our references to that land as the greatest place on earth. We ought to ask ourselves occasionally why we believe—if we do—O'Neill to be our best playwright.

It is a long time since I saw or read "The Hairy Ape" or "Desire Under the Elms"; my discomfiture at "Dynamo" and "Days Without End" is still a vivid memory; and I certainly do not qualify as a champion of "The Iceman Cometh." Yet I do not hesitate to stand with the majority in my regard for O'Neill. If the "Glencairn" plays strike us today as rudimentary and the later work—including the complex "Strange Interlude" and the monumental "Mourning Becomes Electra"—too dependent on sources that have been imperfectly and rather immaturely assimilated, the whole of O'Neill's work reveals an impressive consistency and unity.

For more than thirty years O'Neill has been genuinely serious. The mood in "The Moon of the Caribbees" is one of nostalgia; the theme of "In the Zone" is the mystery of love; "Bound East for Cardiff" deals with the confrontation of death; "The Long Voyage Home" dramatizes the ironic tragedy of man's fate. O'Neill's career has been a constant quest, a passionate absorption, a rapt struggle to come to grips with a major theme of which the elements I have indicated are varying facets. O'Neill is like the Swedish sailor in his play who, on the point of reaching his peaceful destination, is shanghaied off to renew his long voyage home under the most painful conditions. Only his most negligible work represents conclusions. His best plays are vibrantly disturbing because they strike sensitive fibers within the protected tissue of American life.

O'Neill seems to cry out with Thomas Wolfe—and almost every American writer of stature—that "we are lost!" The range of his search is wider than that of most of our writers and consequently more erratic. He sometimes appears incredibly ingenuous both in his choice of panaceas and in his disappointment with them.

To scorn or mock him because he is insecure in knowledge and unripe in despair is, for an American at least, to betray a sophomoric self-assurance. What certainties have *we* attained? We live in a country which, though it has inherited the wisdom of the ages, has thus far distilled only the experience of an adolescent. We are even cut off from the past that gave us Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman. We have produced no Sophocles, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Tolstoy, Molière or Goethe of our own. If Henry James is a master, he is a little one. We must not deny such

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men as Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson on the ground of their inadequacies. Each in his own way is, as Whitman called himself, "a primitive surveyor." In the theater there has only been one such person to render us a lifetime of service: Eugene O'Neill.

HAROLD CLURMAN

MOVIES: Broadway in Hollywood

YOU GET in "Another Part of the Forest" a small group of authentically colorful personalities and a dialogue vastly superior to what the movies normally consider adequate for their purpose. These you get because the play was written by Lillian Hellman, one of the most skillful, and sometimes one of the most thoughtful, of playwrights. "Another Part of the Forest," the forerunner in narrative chronology to "The Little Foxes," is not, however, one of her successful plays. It explains in some detail what was happening to the Hubbard family in the years before the curtain rises on the foxes in their vineyard, but by itself it states no premise and reaches no conclusion.

There is a good deal of action in "Another Part of the Forest," but there is no drama, and that is because evil, if it is to be used as a theatrical motif, must have something besides itself to grind upon. In the persons of Marcus Hubbard, the traitor to the Confederacy, and his daughter and two sons, the play proves to the hilt that evil begets evil; the Hubbards are spawn of the devil and they prey upon one another in a feast of reciprocal cannibalism. But there is no more real conflict in a nest of vipers than in a nest of pigeons.

Despite its weakness as a play, "Another Part of the Forest" is a field day for actors, and this Universal-International production is well cast. Fredric March, as the disdainful and unscrupulous Marcus, and Ann Blyth, as his beautiful, sharp-toothed and amoral daughter, perhaps strike the brightest sparks. But Edmond O'Brien as the smart son and Dan Duryea as the stupid one are almost as good.

As a creative work in its own right, the film version of "Another Part of the Forest" does not exist. Its only contribution is to bring to the screen certain scenes and fragments of action which the play implied in dialogue. And since playwrights have shown for centuries that they were perfectly able to construct their narratives within the physical limitations of the stage, this is no contribution at all. As long as Hollywood continues to trade on Broadway it will be involved in the dilemma of scrupulously reproducing a play and being called unenterprising, or of departing from it and being called impertinent.

"Another Part of the Forest," though, is worth seeing for the excellence of its individual performances and perhaps as a memorable example of the poison that can be distilled from the Southern vernacular.

"The Pirate" goes with such a rush and its cast, especially Gene Kelly, is in such carnival spirit, that you scarcely get a chance to savor what is being offered. That's good; for what is offered has more speed than quality.

Kelly, for example, spends a great deal of time dancing. That is to say, he leaps prodigiously, spins like a top, and climbs the scenery with an agility that would recall Douglas Fairbanks if the convenient steps and hand holds were more cunningly hidden. His performance is exuberant, dashing, ingratiating, but in the sense that Astaire or Bolger would use the word, he doesn't dance at all.

In the same way, the songs are agile and appropriate, they display clever Cole Porter lyrics, but they are strangely tuneless. When Judy Garland sings her big, boisterous number, she looks like a girl about to put over a song with anatomical trimmings. You're promised bumps, you have a right to expect bumps, but no bumps are forthcoming.

"The Pirate" is an energetic romp, slickly produced, but the rumor that it is a great musical comedy is baseless. It may be a great movie musical comedy, but that's not the same thing.

France's salute to her own air troops, "They Are Not Angels" (*Bataillon du Ciel*), is a mixture of fine photography and poor stereotypes. The former occurs mostly in scenes of a paratroop division training for D-Day. Three examples of the latter are a Spartan captain who plays the piano, a German officer who kisses a pet cat before mincing off to shoot a few Frenchmen, and a dying hero who struggles back to life to send the winning message over the field radio. Large hunks of the film, made to reassure the French of their military prowess, look like a retake of "Journey's End."

"They Are Not Angels" has the bad luck to open with a squad of hobnailed troopers bawling out a marching song as they tramp through an English village—a scene which suggests how little editing you would have to do to make the picture acceptable to the Nazi knights in Valhalla. The captain at the piano would be especially popular, and only a German audience could sit without squirming through the big doses of soldier love.

The English title, which is obviously meant to be read with a wink, is a fraud and the "for men only" patrons can save their money. These paratroopers display only the most decorous non-angelic behavior.

"Clandestine," another French valor film, is being advertised in America as the Gallic equivalent of "Open City." This is a foolish comparison and a damaging one to an innocuous blonde-and-tommy-gun romance. "Clandestine" is the kind of underground thriller that has been current almost continuously since the close of the First World War. Hollywood turns them out so well that the French waste their talents trying to compete.

ROBERT HATCH

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Free and Clear

SIR: As a Wallace supporter and worker, I want to commend the editorial position of the *NR* as stated in your issue of May 17.

As much as all-out action is imperative in answer to Truman's bungling, it is even more urgent to have a few publications like the *NR* keep the *issues and values clear.* Partisanship, however right and noble, must inevitably warp dispassionate judgment.

Even as a Wallace partisan and one who disagrees with certain of the *NR* appraisals, I believe I can think and work more effectively with the assistance of unbiased analyses. If the searching and often brilliant scholarship of the *NR* in the arts and sciences is kept on as high a plane in the field of applied politics, there is little doubt in my mind about the triumph of liberal thought and action. . . .

There is perhaps one compromise the *NR* should make because of the iron curtain raised by the press against Wallace and the proximity of the *NR* to the Wallace position: having made your editorial position clear, you should continue to keep a column open for Mr. Wallace.
Chicago, Ill. SIDNEY BLACKSTONE

The Two-Front War

SIR: This morning's news tells me that Helen Gahagan Douglas, fighting liberal Representative from California, is threatened with defeat because a "Third Party" candidate is being run against her. Also that Wallace has been campaigning personally for her opponent.

Helen Douglas . . . is marked for political liquidation because she voted for the Marshall Plan, following the line of the *NR* instead of the Communists.

How low can Henry Wallace sink? How far can a liberal allow himself to be perverted by the party-liners?

The story is the same in Chicago, where Paul Douglas, a brilliant and devoted liberal from the earliest days of the New Deal, is being doomed to defeat by the entrance of a "Third Party" candidate into his struggle with Chicago *Tribune* stooge "Curly" Brooks. . . .

Who can now doubt that local "Third Party" machines are being used by the Communists to lynch independent liberals at the polls. . . ? What of the national leadership of the Wallace movement—are they too spineless or too debauched by Communist thinking themselves to say "nay!" to the local comrades? . . .

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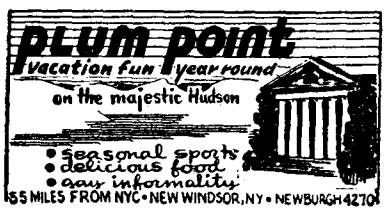
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The consistent failure of the "orthodox liberal weeklies" to understand the Communists here and abroad is one of the causes of the present disastrous confusion in liberal ranks. . . .

I am happy to note signs that the *New Republic* may stop the pussy-footing and the doubletalk and offer some positive leadership to the non-Communist Left. Your latest editorial (May 17) is still afflicted by the attempt to find a "middle of the middle of the Left," but it is the best so far.

I have just two complaints. First, it is unfair to accuse the leadership of labor of being unaware of the need for political action. They are just as aware of it as you—and they are just as stymied for something to do as you are. . . .

The other complaint is the pinhead-dancing distinction between "opposition to the Communsts" and "independence of the Communists." There is no such distinction—to keep the liberal movement independent of them you must oppose them. . . . Liberals cannot just fight reaction and leave their backs open to an inside job. Now as always we fight a "two-front war."

Cos Cob, Conn. ALLEN H. BARTON

No Excuse

SIR: In "Behind the Bogota Uprising" (the *NR*, April 26) the Bogota rioters are described as having with them "the battered body of the assassin." Comparison of this with the mob vengeance wreaked on Mussolini's body in Milan is made, and the inference drawn that both were justifiable revenge of an outraged populace on its oppressor. They were both lynchings, however, with all of the gruesome horror that we know of in our own South. . . .

I believe the value of the article to have been impaired by this inconsistent treatment of mob murders.

Baltimore, Md. ROBERT B. NEUMAN

Spotlight on Stassen

SIR: I have just finished reading Dale Kramer's article on Harold Stassen, "Progress of a Prodigy," in the April 19 issue of your publication.

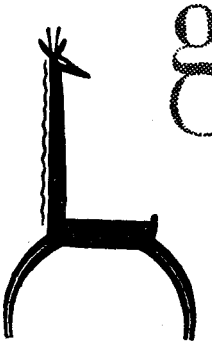
In my opinion, Kramer's article (and *what* a reporter he is) has put the spotlight on all the "hidden" corners in Stassen's past political career and on his "phony" ambitions for the most important position in the country today. I don't know how much circulation the *New Republic* has in Minnesota, but I hope many up there will see this article.

FRED E. ARBOGAST

US Veterans' Hospital
Albuquerque, N. M.

RESORTS RESORTS

green mansions



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Stilwell said

of his policy in China: "When I started in over here, I said to myself that the only safe policy for a deck-hand of my caliber was to go straight down the middle of the road. . . . I never had to worry what to tell the G-Mo [Generalissimo]. All I had for him was the truth, pleasant or unpleasant. . . . I could say anything I pleased and go away secure in my own mind that the crowd of Yes-Men, parasites, idolaters, and sycophants around him could not break it down. How could they, if it was true?"

of the Chinese people: "There must be tremendous cohesion in the Chinese people for them to survive the terrible neglect and maladministration of their so-called 'leaders'."

of the end of his mission: "If a man can say he did not let his country down, and if he can live with himself, there is nothing more he can reasonably ask for."

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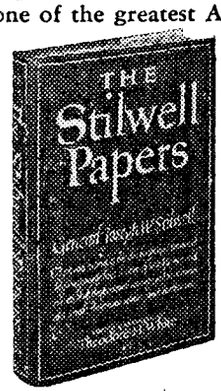

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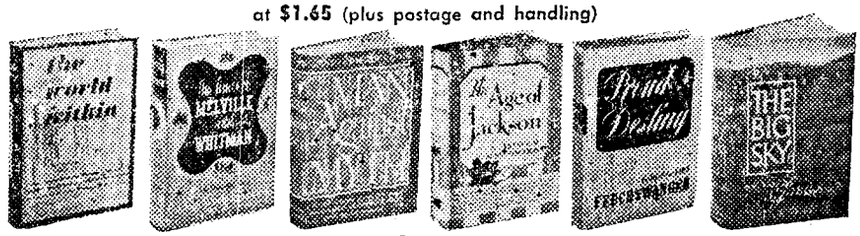

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